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THE ARTS

A NEW SYSTEM

DURING the last week the attention of our Judges has been occupied by a case which is interesting in more ways than one. A company engaged in producing cinematograph films has brought a suit against one of its actors seeking to restrain him from using a professional name which we will call, in order to avoid the suspicion of a technical offence, Plantagenet Paris. The name, the directors of the company aver, is their own property; they created it *ex nihilo* for their own purposes, and bestowed it, also for their own purposes, upon a person whom we will call Mr. Reginald Tompkins. The directors advertised the name; they gave it a meaning in the mind of the great public. Out of the circumambient mist a glory was gradually crystallized by the action of advertisement about the name of Plantagenet; it came to connote magnificence, wealth, a sumptuous demeanour, and we know not what perfections alluring to the general eye. Mr. Reginald Tompkins's function was to support these splendours, caparisoned for a brief day, indeed, but long enough for him to tire of them and to desire fresh worlds to conquer and new magnificence to wear. Is he to begin his new career as plain Mr. Tompkins? Or may he trail the clouds of glory which appertain to Plantagenet? That is the question.

And it is a searching question in the present age. The problem is not wholly new. We have little doubt that the ghosts of the elder Dumas sometimes grew impatient of their shrouded visages and inseparable chains. They, too, desired to be no longer component cells of a single prolific brain; they would have liked to commence author on their own with at least a share of the assets of the company of which they tired. But they could not impersonate Dumas, who with all his weaknesses was a big man, nor could they claim substantial life as fragments of Dumas. Dumas was real, and unlikely to consent to his own

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diminution. The modern problem is more alarming, and more suggestive. Plantagenet is not real; he has only the corporeality of advertisement. He is a disembodied soul created by slow pains out of the hoardings and the newspapers. He has no freedom of movement or of will; he cannot, even if he would, accompany the body of Mr. Tompkins which he sometime inhabited. He lives miserably in the card index of his directors, awaiting a problematic reincarnation; and he may languish or die in the interval.

What is even newer and more encouraging is that the problem should openly be submitted to the decision of the English courts of law. In a little while, we make no doubt, the principle will be recognized. The thin edge of the wedge will have been driven in between the man and his name. The popular author will become immortal, to the just profit of the publisher and the uninterrupted delectation of the public, and the young writer will aspire not to be himself, but to be the fourth or fifth embodiment of a future Mrs. Henry Wood. What is more satisfactory still is that the principle is eminently just. Who can doubt that it is in fact the advertising manager who creates reputations in the world of art to-day, and,

seeing that the artist is nothing apart from his reputation, may he not fairly claim to have created the artist also? Or, again, what man of ordinary departmental ability, if given the task of composing for a suitable reward the next production of four out of five of the "best-sellers" in any of the arts which, unlike the drama, do not involve the physical presence of the performer before the public, would not be able to deceive the habitual readers of the lady or gentleman he was employed to impersonate? The case is no longer like that of the elder Dumas. He gave out chapters to his young men to fill with the appropriate historical narrative. He posited his personages, and left orders that they should be brought to a certain situation, and grouped, as it were, for one of the dramatic historical scenes of which he

was a master. His young men belonged to his *bottega*; they filled in the corners of the canvas according to the design, but the supreme touch he reserved for himself.

One would need to be a singular optimist to hold that the master's hand would be necessary if a similar *bottega* were inaugurated now. For all we know, there may be many of them in existence to-day and busily at work. If it is so indeed, let us with all our might support the beneficent reform by which the actor's name becomes the property of the cinematograph which employs him, the author's of the publisher; or if the reform has not already been unobtrusively introduced, let us begin a movement for its introduction. The advantages of the new system are manifest. The publishers and the directors would be saved trouble and expense, since a name once created will remain in being with the minimum of expenditure. But the benefits would not accrue to the *entrepreneur* alone. The authors would largely share in them. The name which represented an individual and organic personality could not be disembodied with impunity or, indeed, with profit. No ghost, not even if he were Mr. Max Beerbohm himself, could supply Hardy poems or Conrad or Wells novels. So we shall have on the one side the *bottega* turning out fiction under the registered trade-mark of Mr. X and Mrs. Y, to the great comfort of the circulating librarian; and on the other the author whose idiosyncrasy is inimitable, working for the salvation of his soul. Surely it would be better if, instead of the ruinous competition in the commercial market, the monopoly system were followed. It would be far better that there should be a book a week from H. C. Ltd. or the E. M. D. Company, each of which would be sufficiently advertised on the cover of the preceding work, than that fifty-one equally meritorious book-makers should have to tempt the ocean of popular esteem on the flimsy raft of their own names. The publisher's reader would be spared the devastating agony of the search for the best-seller, and the would-be book-maker would have the comfort of a secure income, the prospect of a pension, and perhaps (who knows) the chance of a share in the management of his company on the Whitley system. Meanwhile, the author with other aims than a secure living, having deliberately forfeited his claim upon society, could go his solitary way. There is no need to worry about him; and if his experience was such that he ceased to indulge the dangerous hope of making a living by considered, creative work, and took to manual labour and leisure, why, so much the better. The masterpieces would not be diminished.

IN Dr. Baker's article on "English in War-time" in last week's *ATHENÆUM*, an incomplete sentence begins in line 9 of the first column of p. 360. It should have read:

"Amid the tremendous discharge of all forms of vital energy called out by a war of such colossal magnitude, the life of the language receives a corresponding stimulus."

MESSRS. BLACKIE will publish shortly "Life and its Maintenance: a Symposium on Biological Problems of the Day," a book setting forth results of the war work of biology, which should prove of permanent value in their peaceful application. Problems of food and drink, agriculture and industrial efficiency, and kindred topics, are discussed by Professor W. M. Bayliss, Professor F. G. Hopkins, Professor A. R. Cushny, Dr. E. J. Russell (director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station), Professor S. J. Hickson, Professor F. W. Oliver, Professor H. Kenwood, and others.

MOMENTS OF INSPIRATION

THACKERAY'S surprised and thumping exclamation when he found his characters suggesting their own dialogue, has dramatized for public use an experience that must be familiar, not only to most writers of fiction, but to artists of every kind: to the orator, the inventor, the scientific experimenter, and, in fact, to every brain-worker who, after a period of concentration, finds his mental processes working apparently by their own volition. A moment comes when a certain unison of the faculties is obtained, and with it a fluency that outpaces the normal capacity. It is not surprising in such circumstances that the average author should triumphantly acclaim the coming of genius. What may surprise us is that he should boast of it later—if, to beg the question, the admission presents him solely as the agent of a power transcending his own.

Before accepting that explanation, however, we should attempt the scientific by a patient analysis of the conditions necessarily antecedent to the phenomenon. Unhappily, the evidence, despite its obvious value, is extraordinarily meagre, and most of it is supplied by a class of witnesses that is naturally suspect. I do not wish to imply that the writer of fiction is temperamentally dishonest, but he is, from the scientific point of view, a peculiarly prejudiced observer, inasmuch as his discovery represents a boast. Yet this novelist of the illustration, if we could but trust him to record his experience without brag or passion, is the best of all observers for our purpose, since he alone seems to have leisure for the pause that allows him to greet and welcome the bearer of inspiration. The others—orators, inventors and the rest—accept the precious material and use it at once; not until the moment has passed have they opportunity for self-examination. "Damn it, that *was* genius," they may say; but our purpose demands more instant investigation.

I am driven, therefore, to personal experience for my more valuable material; but modesty demands that I should begin with a broad deduction—briefly this: that these moments of inspiration furnish a test of relative and not of absolute achievement. The successful writer of feuilletons, dictating to a relay of stenographers, will not provide us with fine literature because he finishes his serial in a transport of splendid fury. Also, it is at least open to question whether a critic of Mr. Yeats—who claims in his recent book, "The Cutting of an Agate," that the best work comes only by this door—could infallibly distinguish those passages in which the author's pen toiled furiously to keep pace with the magnificent uprush of images, from those which, as suggested by his title, were but the patient result of the lapidary's careful craft.

As to the antecedent conditions, my own experience goes to prove that these manifestations of the spirit are sometimes the outcome of what is equivalent to much prayer and fasting. The prayer in this case represents a preoccupation with and concentration upon a particular delivery; the fasting, an abstinence from all that is intriguing and suggestive in the work of other writers.

The contents of the "uprush" manifesting itself

in these conditions, strongly suggests the release of long-buried material. That elusive basis of literature occasionally referred to as "an idea" has occurred at an inopportune moment, or it has presented itself as an embryo too shapeless to permit of a verbal presentation. In either instance the idea has been set aside, returned to that mysterious depository and workshop of the personality which the psychoanalysts have dubbed "the unconscious." What happens to the idea in that secret catacomb no one can yet tell us, but we do know that it may presently return with an irresistible urgency, full-hatched, winged, and, to the single observer who has perhaps been—though he knew it not—"broody" for a period of months or years, glowing with the beauty and appeal of the ineffable. Little wonder that his reluctant vocabulary seethes in the effort to present the miracle.

It will be evident to the psychologist that this instance is mainly visual in character. But my experience of this temporary urgency also reveals a purely verbal form—the form we must assume it to have taken in the classic example with which I opened. In this case, which seems for some reason to verge more nearly on the miraculous, the suggestion that rises from our hypothetical source takes to itself words, and the happy author rapidly and blissfully writes as it were to the dictation of an unknown but generously friendly spirit. He is aware as he writes of the joy of creation, but he is equally aware that the self he knows in everyday life is little more than an attentive automaton. I need not, however, complicate the already sufficiently intricate by introducing the problem of consciousness. For my present purpose, it is permissible to separate the mental condition from the means of observation.

The next important factor is the effect on the mind and sensibilities when the task of recording is completed—or the dictating voice has ceased. In my own experience, which may or may not be typical, this all too rare phenomenon is followed by a sense of elation and power. As in the case of physical deliveries (compare the passage under this head in Samuel Butler's "Note-Books"), I am aware of a new relief and cleanliness. I remember once finishing a novel in one tremendous burst of work. For three hours I wrote almost without pause, at the rate of nearly a thousand words per hour. The material for that last chapter had been accumulating for many months, and had been sternly repressed lest the effect of it should be anticipated. When the need for further inhibition ceased, and I opened the secret chamber in which the material was stored, I found it re-arranged and perfected. It had been hatched in the interval, and emerged complete. But that metaphor fails. What, in effect, had happened was that a collection of ideas had been sorted, and collated, and translated into language. And on that occasion, to return to the point, after my task of transcription was done, I soared into the transcendental. My mind was purged, and functioned with a new delight, as aware of its recent liberation as is the body of a woman after her delivery. Gibbon—with better cause, but perhaps no greater elation—has recorded a parallel ecstasy; and we need not be too ready to believe that

his "pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy" spread over his mind. But if that, too, is a literal record of fact, we may be sure that he thoroughly enjoyed his passing gloom

Now do these notes serve in any way to open the road to a hypothesis that might encourage the psychologist in his search for a plausible explanation of the phenomenon under discussion? I have already taken for granted two unproved suppositions: the first, that there is an original suppression of material, a thrusting back of idea into the unconscious; the second, that some definite work is done in those submerged depths before the material is released. To these two theories—which, after all, are among the supporting theories of psycho-analysis—must be added a third with regard to the means of release. What, we must ask, is the state of mind most favourable for receiving the precious message from the unconscious? Will the dam burst under pressure, flooding us when we are unprepared with the means of directing the fertilizing waters; or can we tap the source for the benefit of a steady supply? Undoubtedly both effects are observable, and in various degrees; but we are still as far as ever from describing the ideal condition that helps us to open the communication.

One submission at least my theory upholds, namely, that these inspirations are relative and not absolute. It may well be that the unconscious revelation always presents a higher power of the conscious, but the original difference between the feuilleton-writer of my earlier illustration and the complete poet, remains as a constant test of value. Moreover, the latter may have more frequent access to the sacred fount, to say nothing of a richer, more versatile subconsciousness—which endowment, parenthetically, bears probably no ratio—or none that has yet been written—to the intellectual content of the conscious mind.

And, by way of conclusion, I would make one more point. Should the psychologists of the future undertake this particular inquiry, and should they succeed in proving that the process follows the lines I have suggested, we shall still be as far as ever from an explanation of genius, or even of the source of inspiration. To classify the unconscious is not to define it. We speak of it provisionally as an entity, but that description does not eradicate the possibility that it may be a medium. A medium between us and—what?

J. D. BERESFORD.

BY THE COFFIN

Here's where she lies. Is she not rare,
The bud, the lamb that owed me birth?
Praise her round face, her hands, her hair,
Before we cover them with earth.

Give me no pity. Only praise
For her I beg in this last hour.
There's time enough in coming days
For pity. Look now at my flower.

She's not like grief; she will not stay.
Then say she's beautiful because
My whole life long beyond to-day
I'll hear how beautiful she was.

C. CARSWELL.

REVIEWS

BEYLE AND BALZAC

A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH NOVEL, TO THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By George Saintsbury. Vol. II. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)

TURNING over the pages of the Preface to this Volume II., we respire an elegiac note. For Professor Saintsbury apparently says that he is not going to write any more Histories. Who will write them? for they will be written, and they will not be so readable as Mr. Saintsbury's. They will be written by Professors, but not by such charming Professors as Saintsbury; they will be scholarly, but not more scholarly; they will be even more exhaustive, but they will not be capitalized by the scholarship of an Honorary Fellow of Merton College; they will flow from the Columbia University Press, and from the presses of provincial and colonial Universities; they will be the work of men not so capable of understanding a third-rate book as Mr. Saintsbury is of understanding a first-rate one, and not so capable of seeing the merit in a first-rate book as Mr. Saintsbury is of seeing the merit in a third-rate one.

Mr. Saintsbury is a master of the literary history—a form of writing which demands qualifications of its own. The literary historian needs critical gifts, but his task is not that of the critic. He needs a sense of values, but he has little occasion to exercise it beyond the mere indication of the place of the great. He must not have any very pronounced theory or scheme and must not set out to prove anything very important; for if he does this he is bound to shape his material; and if he shapes his material he will leave somebody out; and his most important business is to read all the books that we do not want to read, and enjoy the books that we could not enjoy—to enjoy them, not because he imagines them to be any better than they are, but because they are books. And he must make us enjoy his enjoyment in enjoying the escape which he gives us from the necessity of reading them. These qualities would seem a chimerical ideal, if they were not lifted directly from the achievement of Mr. Saintsbury.

Remembering these particulars of literary historianship, no one should experience surprise or express reproach at the fact that Mr. Saintsbury has assigned a short chapter to Flaubert, run Stendhal and Balzac together into one, and devoted the greater part of a long one to Paul de Kock. One must read Flaubert anyway, so the brief chapter is quite sufficient (and on the whole right); one enjoys reading Saintsbury on Paul de Kock, and is convinced that there is no longer any necessity or excuse for reading that author. Chateaubriand, admired of French critics and usually tedious to honest English readers, even Mr. Saintsbury cannot wholly absolve us from; but Feuillet, About, Feydeau, Ourliac, Borel and others we are grateful and satisfied to know about. But Mr. Saintsbury could not gracefully have omitted the two great writers, and he must in some degree be held accountable for what he says about them. At least, his admittance of Stendhal and Flaubert is useful in provoking a question which he does not seem aware of: why these two stand completely apart from all the rest, with the derivative exception of Maupassant. There is something that they have in common, which is deeper than style and is the cause of style; shared, too, with Turgenev, to a less extent with Hardy, Conrad, Hawthorne, James, hardly at all with our Victorian novelists. Mr. Saintsbury challenges the question by his violent incarceration of Stendhal in the same cell with Balzac, and by his evident taste for Balzac. The question rises more shrilly to our lips when he finally lets himself out to the length of a definition of "Balzacity," of what,

in fact, he really likes. This is the "constitution of Balzacity":—

... the astonishing union of Imagination with Observation—two things which except in the highest poetry are apt to be rather strangers to each other—and by putting Imagination last he [i.e., Victor Hugo in speaking of Balzac] meant also doubtless that this was the dominating—the Masculine—element in the marriage.

And Mr. Saintsbury says later:—

For the fact is that the real Balzac lies—to and for me—almost entirely in that *aura* of other-worldliness of which I have spoken.

It is such as "La Peau de chagrin," "La Recherche de l'absolu," "Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu," that Mr. Saintsbury admires, and that he candidly enjoys more than "La Chartreuse de Parme." These are remarkable stories, of Balzac's; and their merit is not disparaged if we put forward the claim that there is a difference absolute of kind, which sets a chasm between them and the work of Henri-Beyle Stendhal; which makes the latter, in the profoundest sense, the more *moral* of the two.

Balzac has (and it is what seems to thrill Mr. Saintsbury) this "aura," which is easily called "mystical," but more truly "occult." But this is only one phase of the Comedy? No, what is present in the "Etudes philosophiques" is the same thing even in "César Birotteau." This aura, of a pinkish colour, omnipresent, is the "union of imagination and observation." If we compare the two men, Beyle and Balzac, bluntly and without intimate knowledge of Beyle, it is for a moment easy to think that the aura provides exactly something which Beyle lacks. But interpolate in the comparison some writer who would be admitted to possess the gift of "Imagination" to at least a degree equal with Balzac, and the aura sputters and goes out. No one will deny to Dostoevsky an imagination at least equal to Balzac's; some of the things he tells are even more unimaginable. But the Imagination is utterly different, and put to utterly different uses. If you examine some of Dostoevsky's most successful, most imaginative "flights," you find them to be projections, continuations, of the actual, the observed: the final scene of the "Idiot," the hallucinations at the beginning of the same book and in "Crime and Punishment," even (what is more questionable) the interview of Ivan Karamazov with the Devil—Dostoevsky's point of departure is always a human brain in a human environment, and the "aura" is simply the continuation of the quotidian experience of the brain into seldom explored extremities of torture. Because most people are too unconscious of their own suffering to suffer much, this continuation appears fantastic. But Dostoevsky begins with the real world, as Beyle does; he only pursues reality farther in a certain direction. In Balzac the fantastic element is of another sort: it is not an extension of reality, it is an atmosphere thrown upon reality direct from the personality of the writer. We cannot look at it, as we can look at anything in Dostoevsky; we can only see things *in* it, we are plunged into it ourselves, and some readers at any rate are always glad to get out of it. If we ask ourselves in relation to what real solid object the "atmosphere" of Balzac has meaning, the incantation is powerless. The atmosphere of Balzac is the highest possible development of the atmosphere of Mrs. Radcliffe. Laurent Tailhade was right when he spoke of the work of Balzac as a fresco crumbling away year by year.

Balzac united imagination with observation, and it is as much the imagination as the observation, not very profound, which carries us through the pages of "La Cousine Bette." Mr. Mackenzie's "Carnival" also unites imagination with observation. The great artists do not unite imagination with observation. In the great artist imagination is a very different faculty from Balzac's: it becomes a fine and delicate tool for an operation on the sensible world. It is impossible to say that certain scenes between Julien and Mathilde de la Mole are a union of imagination, &c.; they

go too deep for that. Stendhal's scenes, some of them, and some of his phrases, read like cutting one's own throat; they are a terrible humiliation to read, in the understanding of human feelings and human illusions of feeling that they force upon the reader.

The exposure, the dissociation of human feeling is a great part of the superiority of Beyle and Flaubert to Balzac. Balzac, relying upon atmosphere, is capable of evading an issue, of satisfying himself with a movement or a word. At the end of "Adieu" the General, at a fashionable dinner-table, is asked by a lady why, with all his accomplishments and the world at his feet, he does not marry. "All the world smiles upon you." "Oui, mais c'est un sourire qui me tue." A facile escape for the General, still more facile for his creator. But the patient analysis of human motives and emotions, and human misconceptions about motives and emotions, is the work of the greatest novelists, and the greatest novelists dispense with atmosphere. Beyle and Flaubert strip the world; and they were men of far more than the common intensity of feeling, of passion.

It is this intensity, precisely, and consequent discontent with the inevitable inadequacy of actual living to the passionate capacity, which drove them to art and to analysis. The surface of existence coagulates into lumps which look like important simple feelings, which are identified by names as feelings, which the patient analyst disintegrates into more complex and trifling, but ultimately, if he goes far enough, into various canalizations of something again simple, terrible and unknown. The Russians point to this thing, and Turgenev seems almost at times to have had some glimpse of it. Beyle and Flaubert do not point, but they suggest unmistakably the awful separation between potential passion and any actualization possible in life. They indicate also the indestructible barriers between one human being and another. This is a "mysticism" not to be extracted from Balzac, or even from Miss Underhill. "Ainsi tout leur a craqué dans la main." To avoid pursuing these philosophical vagaries any further beyond the point of tedium, it may be observed that their origin was an attempt to question the most questionable definition in a delightful book about Nodier, Ponson de Terrail and many other writers, including, I am glad to say, Fromentin.

T. S. E.

TWO EGYPTS

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS. By Coles Pasha, C.M.G. (St. Catherine Press. 8s. 6d. net.)

THROUGH EGYPT IN WAR-TIME. By Martin S. Briggs. With illustrations by the Author. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

THERE are a hundred Indias, but only two or three Egypts. Now and then one has the illusion that Egypt also is multiform and infinite, and that the Nile, like the Ganges, flows from the hair of God through men into Hell. At evening perhaps; in the Delta: when the animals, suddenly sacred, walk in short processions through the purple air—a donkey, two sheep, a buffalo; a goat, a buffalo, three sheep; the owner following. Or perhaps at mid-day; in the desert: when the little flat stones jump and quiver, and pieces of sky slop into the sand. Or under the arcades of some huge mosque at Cairo or Rosetta; worshippers are kneeling on pale yellow rushes in a pale grey light. Then the imagination and the theories that attend upon it awake, and one says: "This is the East," or "This is Romance," or "Here, too, is an entrance into life and all the lives." The illusion soon passes. The valley of the Nile may be long, but it is narrow, very narrow. Day after day one meets in it the same faces and fields and thoughts, and the towns that are strung about it are of the Nile's substance, not jewels out of unattainable treasuries.

Of the two or three Egypts the best is surely Lucie Duff Gordon's. She came with no expectations and evolved no theories, but as she drifted up and down there sank into her a deep approbation and a passion that soothed her death. Any book that recalls, however remotely, her letters is worth reading and keeping. Hostile to her kingdom, yet real in its own way, is the Egypt that may be most fittingly coupled with the name of the late Lord Cromer—the Egypt to which one tries to do justice because injustice increases the difficulties of the British occupation. Books on Cromerian lines, whether read or not, should never be thrown away. And, thirdly, there is exotic Egypt—the Egypt of Mr. Robert Hichens—full of mummies and sin and ruinously expensive: you cannot stir in it without a dragoman. Books that recall it—well, neither of the books under review does recall it, so why expatiate?

The "Recollections and Reflections" of Coles Pasha of course deal with Cromerian Egypt. Starting in the Indian police, the writer was transferred to the Egyptian in 1883, was appointed Inspector-General of Prisons in 1897, got his C.M.G., and retired 1913. He thinks in terms of penal institutions. It seems that he has created magnificent places of detention all over the country, and that they have met a very crying need. Lord Kitchener, unfortunately, did not agree, for the reason that Lord Kitchener happened to think in terms of Public Works. No sooner had Coles Pasha got his prisons nice and full than Lord Kitchener tried to empty them—wanted the prisoners to make a road to Helouan or something inconsiderate. It was most annoying—worse than the prohibition of flogging or the rarity of capital punishment. ("I had the greatest difficulty in getting Lord Kitchener inside a prison, and then he did not take the slightest interest in what he saw.") Coles Pasha liked to keep his convicts always with him and to busy himself with experiments for their regeneration; if the experiments succeeded and they had to leave him—well, they had to leave him and he must bear it. But that his organization should be disorganized by other organizations was more than he could bear, and "I have no doubt that this was one of the reasons why I was assisted out of the country." He has retired from the land of the Pharaohs unembittered. He can discuss his colleagues (excepting Nubar Pasha) without acrimony; he can relate his pleasures without hypocrisy, and his achievements without arrogance. He seems to have achieved a good deal. Not only did he start the Turf Club at Cairo and the Sporting Club at Alexandria, but he built a Reformatory that radiated in spokes from a central observation point so that the inmates remained under supervision even in the lavatory. Few men have done so much, and no one except Coles Pasha has done it for the fellahin. How it worked he cannot say, since by the time he left Egypt no one had been detained in it long enough to qualify for release; but the plan was scientific and the intention humane, and no penologist demands more.

Captain Briggs has also served in Egypt, but more obscurely. He stood in some queer relation to the army, and anyone who has done that knows how very queer the relationship can be. The pukka soldier-man, when he sees anything strange in khaki approaching, is constricted with anxiety. He doesn't know whether to turn the fellow down or to do him blind, and the fellow's own career is one endless romance in consequence. Captain Briggs was, as a matter of fact, a sanitary officer in the R.A.M.C., e.g., it was up to him to clear away any dead turtles near a camp. But there were frequent intervals when no one knew what he was, and he employed those intervals in seeing Egypt. His opportunities were great; he has a sound historical and archaeological equipment, a quick eye, and a light style, and his book describes

and even extends the Egypt that one longs to know. Particularly on the west. Here, for the first time in English, is an account of the delicate region that stretches from the expiring waters of Lake Mariout—accounts, too, of the desert and of the Oases. He has even visited Siwa, where Alexander the Great was saluted as the Son of Ammon; and odious as are the conditions, a little beauty, a little restfulness, manage to come through.

Camels are the only fit means of transport in such a place. Our noisy cavalcade of Fords, hooting and rattling, belching out petrol fumes and twentieth-century slang, clashed horribly with the atmosphere of Siwa. All my companions were in a breathless hurry, but they had nothing whatever to do.

Among the party was another officer, a captain in the A.S.C. and considerably my senior. After "doing" Siwa town in a few minutes, including a quarrel with the local patriarch, whom he asked to sell him a bracelet, he joined me for a visit to Aghurmi, the other little fortress town in the oasis, some two miles away. His eyes were glued to the second hand of his watch as we bumped in our car over little dykes between mosquito-infested pools. He was disappointed with Aghurmi for some obscure reason—why, I can't think. It seemed to me a wonderful little place. We entered it through a sort of postern at the top of a steep slope. There was no other entrance. Once inside the place, the tall buildings surrounded one on all sides, like a block of flats round a central well. There was one curious structure I could not account for, a tapering round tower of rough stone. This was the minaret of the mosque! While my companion fumed against the lack of something or other and loudly deplored the time "wasted" in coming here, a courteous old sheikh greeted us and invited us to see his garden . . . a slice of tropical Africa, one of the most beautiful places imaginable, or so it seemed to a stranger. . . . After an hour or two of leisured toil tea was served. . . . On our departure he presented us each with a Siwan ornamental basket of fruit, and I was hoping to send you this as a souvenir, but the A.S.C. captain is, I am told, a collector in private life, and he succeeded in collecting both the baskets when he left Siwa to-day.

Here, though working through a less literary temperament, is the spirit that produced the Duff Gordon letters—the spirit that takes Egypt as it comes, without fussing over either the mystery or the mess, and that consents to sit still. Sitting still may be approved as a medical or religious exercise, but few good Europeans will tolerate it for its own sake. They dash from Siwa to Aghurmi, and back to Siwa, and spend such time as they have not "wasted" in building prisons: though at Siwa, to be accurate, it is a Markaz, not a prison; the Temple of Ammon has been destroyed to provide the stones. What the end of it all will be one sees clearly enough, though the end will not come in our day. The life of Egypt has still a good hundred years to run, and a longer span may be assigned to the lives of India. Perhaps neither or none of them lead to eternal truth. But before God descends with science to divide the sheep from the goats, before the desirable are all placed at their observation points and the undesirable in the corridors radiating therefrom—what a comfort not to be sure which is which! Lady Duff Gordon was never quite sure. And the East never has been the least sure either in India or in Egypt.

The two books seem most accurate. Coles Pasha, it is true, speaks of the "statue" of General Earle erected by the foreign community of Alexandria, whereas it is not a statue, but a bust—the funniest bust in creation. But this is carping. And Captain Briggs adds to accuracy a real feeling for all that he describes. His title, "Through Egypt in War-Time," suggests ephemeral impressions, but he has really written with intimacy about the country that one longs to know. E. M. F.

The annual meeting of the English Association will be held at Bedford College, Regent's Park, on Friday and Saturday of this week. On Friday Mr. Asquith will deliver his presidential address at 5.15, and the dinner will be held at the Café Monico at 7.15. On Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock, a conference will be held at Bedford College on "The Effect of Literature on International Understanding." Those who are not members of the Association can obtain tickets for the address and conference (price 2s. 6d.) from the Secretary, Imperial College Union, South Kensington, S.W. 7.

PALMY DAYS.

SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS: A YOKEL IN LONDON. By T. McDonald Rendle. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)

IN despair "how to find a suitable opening for his new play" (says Mr. McDonald Rendle at the beginning of his reminiscences) "a well-known dramatic author started with an allusion to somebody's pure tea." Yes, indeed: it was the Vizier in H. J. Byron's burlesque of "Aladdin," dated 1861, with Marie Wilton in the title part, who mentioned advertisements of "Horniman's pure tea used *hornimentally*." But this Byron was not the Byron of whom Boucicault said that he spelt bankruptcy while Shakespeare spelt ruin, and the author of "Manfred" was really the guiding spirit of English drama from the thirties to the seventies to a far greater extent than the author of "Our Boys."

For this era, which Mr. Rendle partly remembers, partly has "heard tell of," was the era of the Romantic Revival, the works of which have four infallible signs: gloom, horror, monstrosity and *naïveté*. It was the iron age of the tragedians. They had learned (though certainly never from Shakespeare) to call Hamlet the "moody Dane," and accordingly they capped him with the plumes from the roof of the hearse and robed him in the undertaker's cloak. Of one of these Hamlets (Bandmann's), Mr. Rendle says that "to be bored by it on a wet evening, when the world was generally blue and out-of-sorts, was sufficient to induce suicide." Mr. Rendle probably also remembers the Hamlet of Mr. Wopsle in "Great Expectations" (played no doubt at one of the penny "dukeys" which the patented theatres laboured vainly to suppress), and how the soliloquies of the unhappy parish-clerk, who had left the church for the stage, were punctuated with "Amens" from the gallery; while though "it is well known in a constitutional country that Mr. Wopsle could not possibly have retained the skull, after moralizing over it, without dusting his fingers on a white napkin taken from his breast," yet "even that innocent and indispensable action did not pass without the comment 'Wai-ter!'" Mr. Rendle by no means forgets his Dickens, the best guide to this country, and reminds us that Vincent Crummies and the "Phenomenon" can be identified in the persons of a certain T. D. Davenport and his daughter. So Crummies at any rate (whatever may have been the case with Herr Bandmann) was really not a Prussian. We could gladly have heard more, too, of O. Fitzball, writer of opera, tragedy and nautical "melodrame," and happy adapter of anybody's work before the development of stage rights. ("Dibdin," he complains, "could dramatize a novel in a day or two; I was compelled to take a week.") His stuff, with its unchanging atmosphere of gloom, distraction and despair, was in demand at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, though the author of the "Idiot Boy" (which met, he tells us in his autobiography, with "commendation from the benevolent Bishop of Norwich—the best of bishops") had his set-backs, as when on one occasion the introduction of a certain blood-stained scarf "seemed a signal for disapproval." But disapproval changed to enthusiasm when the sailor sang:

While the level deck his feet pace,
'Mid the silvery clouds on high,
He views his Lucy's sweet face
Like an angel's beaming from the sky.

Poor, pious Fitzball, so often sung in the once popular theatrical ballads of Bon Gaultier, a forgotten Ingoldsby without the talent! One likes to take leave of him in the scene he himself narrates in "Thirty-Five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life," when, on entering "the Puseyite church" at Brighton to pray (and be shocked),

he was, while kneeling in a low pew, enveloped in the descent of a colossal crinoline and so snuffed out for ever. But it ought not to be forgotten that the ballet, as well, associated afterwards (in Leicester Square) with everything naughty and frivolous, was born in this atmosphere of melancholy religiosity. The spirit of classical ballet is the chaste Taglioni, in skirts to her ankles which the Tsar of all the Russias could not induce her to shorten, emerging from the grave of Giselle in the churchyard scene, and pointing her faithless lover the way to Heaven with her toes.

Horror, next to gloom the most potent ingredient in the cauldron of Romanticism, fairly overflowed. The stages of the penny theatres ran with blood; when "Sweeney Todd" and "Maria Martin" grew stale, there was always the latest murder or abduction to be worked into a drama, and even the great Fitzball was bidden to engage in this labour by the management at Covent Garden. Mr. Rendle recounts how in one case "the 'real gig' which had belonged to the murdered man, the sofa whereon the criminal slept after committing the crime, and the veritable table at which the party had supped prior to the deed were placed upon the stage," which shows that the Chamber of Horrors at Tussaud's is no isolated invention, but the last survivor of a widespread fashion. For spectators who felt mimic massacres too tame more thrilling spectacles were provided. The bare-fist pugilists battering and disfiguring each other's person beyond recognition became impossible by any subterfuge after the Heenan-Sayers fiasco in the sixties, but Leotard and Blondin performed their perilous aerial feats without nets, female acrobats were shot from cannons, and male acrobats dived from dizzy galleries into tanks, while gymnasts ascended clinging to the ropes of balloons by their teeth, and Mme. Poitevin descended on a parachute in the character of Europa, strapped to the back of a heifer! A sufficient percentage of accidents, both here and in the cages of the "Lion Kings" and "Queens," made things worth while, and the Home Secretaries could only beg people to show their good feeling by staying away. Moral as distinct from physical horrors are reported of the various "cellars" where the music-hall was slowly being born of the rude sing-songs accompanying the drinking. Mr. Rendle, like many other scrupulous veterans, declines to give any inkling of what took place at the "Judge and Jury" entertainment presided over by the impudent adventurer known as "Chief Baron" Nicholson; but we know all about "Sam Hall," the unrepentant chimneysweep impersonated by a certain Ross, who, in a doleful chant from the back of the Newgate cart, prophesied his eternal destiny and delighted an audience of *viveurs*, men of letters, artists, Cabinet Ministers, and, very likely, clergymen, with the query, "Won't it be a sell, if I meet you there as well?"

Monsters are essential to Romanticism, and the line of Quasimodo was carefully perpetuated on the Victorian stage. Mr. Rendle has to tell of the dwarf "Tom Thumb," whose private life was as eagerly reported in the press of the period as that of a favourite actress is to-day, of giants and of living skeletons, though perhaps the most outlandish monstrosity in his collection is an actor named Dowton, who, when billed in extra heavy type, said, "I cannot endure that my name should be so particularized; there is a want of respectability about it, or rather a notoriety which gives the feeling of some absconded felon of whom a hue and cry is made public." Is the attraction of the circus a love of the monstrous? It has been maintained that the essence of this entertainment is the spectacle of animals doing everything they were not by nature made for, but the ring is too mysterious in its charm to be dismissed in such a formula. Mr. Rendle speaks of Adah

Isaacs Menken, and a world of memories springs up at the name. In a little-known pamphlet a Parisian journalist (writing with his tongue in his cheek) traces the biography of the famous Jewish *équestrienne* from her birth in New Orleans in 1841. He credits her with translating the Iliad at the age of 12, becoming a *première danseuse* when 14, being captured by Indians while travelling in Texas (only to be rescued by a U.S.A. cavalry general, who gave her a regiment at the head of which to ride as Colonel-in-Chief), and deserting her theatrical career for a time to plead the cause of the Jews in journalism with such *verve* as to make Baron Rothschild dub her "the inspired Deborah of her race." Finally, after receiving a golden brick from the enthusiastic town of Nevada, which also named a street after her, she set sail for European triumphs. In 1864 she reached London to embody Byron's "Mazeppa" at Astley's Circus and be bound nightly in flesh-coloured tights on the back of the horse of the desert. "My poses," she replied to those who expressed alarm, "chosen from the works of Canova, have nothing in them contrary to the laws of delicacy and good taste," an asseveration which the youth of the town paraphrased in a song declaring that "the classical style of her dress does *not* much trouble the sewing-machine." The volume of her poems, aptly entitled "Infelicia," remains, and it is as hard to believe that she did not write some of them as to believe that her lover Swinburne did. She had tender relations with the elder Dumas as well, and married, among other husbands, Heenan, the American pugilist already referred to. It is pleasant to learn from Mr. Rendle's account that this rider of bare-backed steeds was mastered once by a property horse, which, after obediently bearing her through canvas billows, spilled her neatly down a trapdoor at Astley's. What Queen Victoria thought of "Mazeppa" is not recorded, and the American journalist who made Her Majesty receive Heenan after his bloody affray with Sayers was a liar; but she *did* receive General Tom Thumb, and adored Sanger's Circus, while the Prince and Princess of Wales for their part were much interested in the Chinese Giant, and besought him to write his name on the walls of the reception-room ten feet from the ground.

Perhaps in these instances of the way in which the dynasty patronized the drama of the epoch we are passing from the monstrous to the naïve. This aspect of our subject should, in a full treatment, include the panorama (with its country cousin the "peepshow"), the diorama (the slow-moving ancestor of the cinema), and the ghost illusion of "Professor" Pepper, whom Matthew Arnold, after his appointment to an Oxford chair, would diffidently allude to as his "colleague." *Naïveté* was likewise the mark of the primitive music-hall with its "Champagne Charlies," "Perfect Cures," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and the "Great McDermott," the original Jingo, reminding his hearers that they had (by proxy) "fought the Bear before, and while Britons still are true —"; but those were days when conscription was not so much as dreamed of, or Disraeli's foreign policy would scarcely have taken the shape it did, and the song would probably not have been written.

How the comic singers changed their tune and began "to deride the very people they gained their livelihood from," while the simple appeal of Mr. George Leybourne with his tight boots, monocle and champagne bottle, gave way to the realism and delicate art of the Chevaliers, Gus Elens, and other "low-life" impersonators, is really part of another tale, which would show the collapse of the Romantic stage and the vulgar music-hall. Have we gained or lost, so far as amusement goes, by growing less naïve? As Bunthorne says, "I cannot tell."

D. L. M.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

A WESTMINSTER PILGRIM. By Sir Frederick Bridge. (Novello. 16s. net.)

IT is probably true that the happiest lives are those which have the least incident. We should judge that Sir Frederick Bridge has had a very happy life. It is possible, however, that Sir Frederick regards his own life as crammed with incident; the path which leads a poor choirboy of Rochester Cathedral to the organistship of Westminster Abbey may well appear exciting to the one who has trodden it. It is a trajectory that a good novelist could take great pleasure in describing, but his dramatic instinct would lead him to invent a hero a little less clearly predestined to success than was Sir Frederick. And he would convey to us that this great advance in social distinction was only the outward symbol of a very different, inner, progress. We should learn something of the secrets of those remote struggles and aspirations which make up the life of the born musician. Perhaps our novelist, being a realist, would decide to make his hero a failure; perhaps, after all, the topmost pinnacle of the hierarchy of organists could not be made to seem a significant elevation.

But with Sir Frederick one has no feelings of incongruity. One could not imagine a man better fitted to occupy an official position. The entire congruity between the inner man and the outer office is remarkable:

In March, 1876, the death of Lady Augusta Stanley cast a great shadow over the Abbey and its Precincts. I had never had the pleasure of meeting her, as she was an invalid at the time of my appointment . . . There was a very impressive funeral on March 9th, which Queen Victoria attended, when Lady Augusta was laid to rest in Henry the Seventh's chapel.

His emotions at the Jubilee service were again entirely congruous with his position:

The final March was to be played as the Queen walked up the choir to her appointed seat. I shall never forget how dignified and stately was Her Majesty's bearing at that particular moment. The usual choir seats had been removed, but the carved stalls remained, these being occupied by dignitaries who attended from all parts of the Empire, notably by many of the Indian Princes. Her Majesty, looking right and left as she advanced, seemed to me to honour each one by a special bow.

A large part of the book is naturally occupied with descriptions of the various impressive functions in which Sir Frederick has played his responsible rôle, but he by no means neglects other aspects of his career. His well-known ardour as a fisherman is responsible for many amusing experiences, such as when he stuffed a salmon with stones and lead in order to win a bet with his wife respecting its weight; his relations with the Pepys Club are also interestingly described. On the whole, however, the book suffers from those very excellences which make Sir Frederick so eminently suited to his office. It would be wrong to say that we should have liked Sir Frederick to create an occasional scandal, but perhaps a touch of eccentricity here and there would have relieved the almost Grecian perfection of his life. It may be, of course, that if we could see deeper we should find that he has had his rebellious moments. There seems to us something a little incorrect, something that might be ascribed to pique, in his observation: "Prayers and sermons are all very well, but uplifting Praise is as good as either, in my opinion."

ROMAN STUDIES

THE JOURNAL OF ROMAN STUDIES. Vol. VI, 2 Parts, 1916. (Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies, 19, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.)

THE belated appearance of this volume is, of course, due to the war. The Society's report for 1915 records a serious diminution of membership: between the end of 1913 and the end of 1915 the number of members had fallen from about 600 to 539. The financial moral is obvious. For an annual subscription of one guinea you can obtain the *Journal of Roman Studies*, together with admission to the Society's meetings and the use of its library. You will also have the satisfaction of helping to endow the study of "the history, art, and archæology of Rome, Italy and the Roman Empire, down to about 700 A.D."

If the present volume is a fair specimen, you will not have wasted your guinea. If you are interested in the dim fantastic origins of modern civilization, you will find much that is suggestive, and also—a gift, unfortunately, not always granted us by anthropologists—much that is sane and probable, in Mr. Warde Fowler's learned essay on the likenesses and differences between the pile-dwellers, terremare folk and early Latin settlers in Italy, and certain tribes of modern Borneo. There are illuminating parallels with ancient Roman social, military and religious life. Not the least merit of the essay is that it uses the material not only for construction of new theories, but also for criticism of the too ingenious fancies which have been woven out of cobweb evidence by less wary anthropologists. The same author contributes for specialists a study of *Confarreatio*, the patrician rite of marriage. Students of Virgil will be interested to read Mr. Mackail's graceful review of the same author's work on Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans." Both sorts of readers will find valuable matter in Professor Reid's contribution on Roman Ideas of Deity, though many of us will abandon with regret our belief in what Dr. Reid describes as "a pretty fable of late origin," that the slave who held the golden crown over the head of the Roman general in his triumph "kept calling out to him, 'Look back,' as though to remind him of his mortality."

Historical specialists may turn to Mr. E. G. Hardy's calculation of the number of the Sullan Senate, to his correction of a Catilinarian date, and especially to his elaborate discussion of "The Transpadane Question and the Alien Act of 65 or 64 B.C." This last study, indeed, has an interest for others than specialists, since it concerns the struggle of the ancient Italians for enfranchisement, which ended in the unification of all Italy as Roman, and so made possible the humanizing work of Rome in Europe. I cannot but regret that the form in which the material is presented makes the reading of the article a somewhat heavy task.

Perhaps the most important contribution, for historians, is Sir William Ramsay's study of "Colonia Caesarea (Pisidian Antioch) in the Augustan Age," recording excavations made in 1913-14, with interesting historical results, of which the most imposing is the recovery of the great *Monumentum Antiochenum*. We are thus provided with another copy of the *Res Gestae* of Augustus, and the new text fills up many gaps and clears up some uncertainties in the record of the *Monumentum Ancyranum*. At Pisidian Antioch the inscription was engraved at the head of a stone staircase which led up from the lower town to an impressive Piazza, where stood "a great curved

stoa backed by rock, with a small temple (of Augustus?) in the centre on a high platform of rock." Our imagination is stirred by Professor Ramsay's account of inscriptions that reveal the lives of Antioch's inhabitants—some of them old soldiers from the fifth (Gallic) legion, who have settled down as civil servants and magistrates and more or less unconscious missionaries of the Roman civilization. It is worth noting also that the policy adopted by Augustus, and for some generations apparently successful, was to disregard the power of nationality, discouraging as non-Roman and sectarian all national distinctions and all separatist names; but that, in the long run, "the native names outlived the Roman." To their credit, the Romans learned "another way." "The provinces, and especially the eastern provinces, overcame the old narrower Roman idea, and it was modified and brought into alliance with the national spirit."

Mr. G. F. Hill throws fresh light on another region the Roman East, not without interest to us Westerners at the present moment. His notes on "The Mints of Roman Arabia and Mesopotamia" are illustrated by photographs of some fifty coins. Dr. von Buren publishes a bas-relief from Roccagiovine which may represent the goddess Vacuna and so help us to identify the site of Horace's Sabine farm. Mrs. Arthur Strong discusses a bust of a Julio-Claudian Prince in the Museum at Colchester, whom she identifies as Caligula, adding to her account an interesting essay on the globe which appears in connection with this and several other imperial busts. This globe, she thinks, is not terrestrial, but celestial. It is a symbol not of earthly dominion, but of the Emperor's deification. Professor Haverfield writes on "Tacitus during the Late Roman Period and the Middle Ages." His survey of the evidence suggests that Tacitus fell into some neglect during the second and third centuries; that interest was revived, and copies of the author multiplied, by the Emperor Claudius Tacitus—for obvious reasons—in his brief reign, A.D. 275-6; and that in the "sunset glow of care for Classical literature" in the fourth century in Gaul there was a marked revival of interest in this historian. Ausonius, for instance, seems to have had the Histories in mind in some of his epigrams on the Cæsars. From the sixth century till about 850 A.D. darkness again ensues. Then, "in a corner of Germany which was a centre of Carolingian learning," we can trace a knowledge of Tacitus among the monks, chiefly of Benedictine houses like Fulda, Hersfeld, Corvey, perhaps Mainz. Thence the knowledge may have filtered to the Benedictine house of Monte Cassino in Italy; but the study of the author soon again dies out, to be revived only at the approach of the Italian Renaissance. It is interesting to hear—though Mr. Haverfield is sceptical—that, in the opinion of the Provost of Eton, a manuscript of Tacitus may have existed at York in the time of Alcuin.

All these articles have their interest, but I think the general reader will turn first to two of which I have not yet spoken. Professor W. R. Hardie, in a pleasant paper, carries a stage further Verrall's speculation on the remarkable belief of Dante that the poet Statius, in the later part of his life, was converted to Christianity. As Verrall showed, the natural inference from Dante's phrase—

E pria ch' io conducessi i Greci ai fiumi
Di Tebe poetando, ebb' io battesmo—

is that the mediæval scholars found, or thought they found, the evidence for the poet's unavowed conversion in some expression somewhere in his works, and somewhere after his description of the Greek arrival at "the streams of Thebes" (*Boeotique ventum Flumina*, "Theb." vii., 424). The requisite ambiguity Verrall thought he found in the poet's preface to his unfinished "Achilleis"; and he further thought that Statius alluded—or, rather, was supposed by mediævalists to have alluded—to his own reluctance to confess his faith in his account of the way in which the allied chiefs shrank from the crossing of the swollen river. This latter conjecture, however, based on a somewhat Baconian hypothesis of riddles, fails to carry conviction. Professor Hardie plausibly suggests that in book viii. the description of the entrance into the infernal regions of the pious prophet Amphiarus, and also of the silencing, in his memory, of the oracles, may have been misinterpreted, quite naturally, as a disguised allusion to the conquest of the heathen world by Christ. He quotes in this connection Milton's famous lines. The theory is attractive, and, I think, more probable than Verrall's riddling, with "*stat triste pecus*." But I venture to suggest that there is another passage, conspicuous because it comes in the peroration of the "Thebais," more likely than any other in the poet's work to have suggested to a mediæval lover both of Virgil and of Statius that the latter was, in fact, a follower "far off" of Christ:—

vive, precor; nec tu divinam Aeneida tempta,
sed longe sequere et vestigia semper adora.
mox, tibi si quis adhuc praetendit nubila livor,
occidet, et meriti post me referentur honores.

Finally, I desire specially to call attention to an article by Dr. Frederik Poulsen on "Two Roman Portrait-Busts in the Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek," a model both of 'sound historical imagination and of brilliant exposition. The two busts, which he illustrates with some charming plates, he identifies respectively with Cornificia, daughter of Marcus Aurelius, and with the Emperor Gordian I. Cornificia is less known than her sister Lucilla, the little princess who plays so fascinating a part in the correspondence of the melancholy emperor with his tutor Fronto, and who subsequently reappears as a conspirator against her brother Commodus. But the face of Cornificia is worth a great deal more than those of all her relatives. It is, as Dr. Poulsen claims, "captivating in its melancholy and spirituality," and it shows how this poor woman, living on as a survivor of a proud imperial family, still kept, in the midst of the changed and gay society of the Severi, "the rather repellent melancholy of her youthful days and the lonely science of her old age . . . spiritual and sad." Dr. Poulsen draws a quite delightful picture of the society into which poor Cornificia survived. He bids us notice Julia Domna's features:—

The brows are raised, while she is pondering a cleverly calculated courtesy, and the mouth is pointed to utter a delicious question. . . . [From the same age come] the clever tranquil society-lady . . . and the little roguish woman, with an almost Leonardo-like smile on her narrow mouth. The noble ladies of that age had the same freedom and the same pretensions as American women of to-day: they were imperious and energetic as Romans, learned and spiritual as Greek hetairai, graceful and sensual as Orientals, and they resembled the ladies in the diplomatic circles of to-day by uniting cosmopolitanism with narrow-minded bigotry. Gordian's face and life are also worth consideration. A poet, a philosopher, for eighty years a wise and gentle citizen, he reigned as Roman Emperor three weeks in Carthage, and then committed suicide.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

A VICTORIAN POETESS

AN ECHO OF THE SPHERES. Rescued from oblivion by F. W. Bain.
(Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
ODES AND OTHER POEMS. By Ronald Campbell Macfie, LL.D.
(Murray. 5s. net.)

ALADY, living in the laureateship of Lord Tennyson, fills an album with occasional verses. Time passes; the poems rest obscurely in their note-book, to be dragged forth at last into the troubled light of to-day. Having read thus far in Mr. Bain's introduction to his mother's poems, one is not much tempted to explore further among the poems themselves. There must have been so many ladies who kept albums against the coming of an inspiration, so many occasions to be prettily celebrated. But Mrs. Bain's verses, when one has made the plunge, prove to be a thousand times better than one had any right to expect. These occasional pieces reveal all the moods of a rich and delicate personality. Intelligent, sensitive, generous, witty—one can hardly imagine a more sympathetic character. It needed only a little to make her a remarkable poet.

Mrs. Bain's poems illustrate a curious phenomenon of which the history of literature and one's own experience provide plenty of examples: plain, ordinary people, when they begin to write, cease to express themselves in their own language, and employ the conventionalized words and phraseology of another speech. Any piece of amateur occasional poetry will illustrate this tendency. Mrs. Bain is as full of it as anyone.

When the bleating fleecy flocks
Feed at peace, in meek repose:

the words are like old pennies, blurred with much passing from hand to hand. The professional poet, devoting his life and all his energy to the task, fashions his own vehicle, arriving at sincerity and individuality of expression by the laborious intensity of his thought. Mrs. Bain was an amateur who wrote occasional pieces in the intervals between her more serious duties. She writes in the language in which it is easiest to write, scarcely conscious that she is talking a stale poetic diction that does much to rob her thoughts of their originality. She had a good many of the gifts with which a poet must be born; if she had also had the opportunity of making herself, she might have written something of real importance. As it is, we read her verses, not because she is a poet, but because she is a very delightful and enchanting person.

Mr. Macfie is not one of those who make unconscious use of poetic diction. Far from it; he is quite terrifyingly aware of what he is doing. The man who can write a sonnet to Sir William Watson in which he speaks of

the marmorean music of thy lyre,
Forged in thy poet heart's impassioned heat
In a crater's crimson crucible of fire,

is certainly not unconscious of what he is about. The curious infelicity of the lines is too much laboured to be the work of chance. Mr. Macfie moves easily through a fustian universe where people

cannot see
Eternity's entelechy,

but are quite up to finding

beneath the silt of ancient seas
Antediluvian cosmogonies.

MR. WELLS AND EVIL

THE UNDYING FIRE. By H. G. Wells. (Cassell. 6s. net.)

IT is some years ago now since Mr. Wells introduced us to his conception of the Mind of the Race, and exhorted us to its service with all his attractive enthusiasm. But it speedily became apparent that this entity was not the clear crystalline thing it had at first appeared; closer examination revealed it as cloudy, there were unattractive dark streaks running through it; and presently it became doubtful whether the object were predominantly dark or light. So enigmatic a deity could not command a single-hearted worship. Mr. Wells' temperament, which demands clear issues and a straight fight, inevitably led him to divide the light from the dark. The elements of light concentrated and united into the person of a new deity, limited, it is true, but still of one complexion throughout. In this manner arose God, The Invisible King. The elements of dark were not, however, concentrated in the same simple way into the person of a vigorous Satan. They acquired a greyish tinge, for Mr. Wells cannot tolerate an indisputable black, and were attached, as it were, to a Veiled Figure. Indifference, not malevolence, was the distinguishing characteristic of this second deity. Now there is no question that Mr. Wells was able to explain much of our experience by this scheme. But, attractive as the invisible king was, and in spite of the glow that accompanied the knowledge that he was fighting on our side, our wandering thoughts would perpetually return to the veiled figure. He, it appeared, was the power behind the throne, and we could not help feeling that his indifference was the incalculable element on which our chances of success depended. Suppose that, with a nonchalant gesture, he abolished us! Or perhaps turned us into angels! It would obviously be much more heartening to know that his indifference, although many layers deep, did not penetrate right to the core, that he was sound at heart.

In his new book Mr. Wells seems to think that this is really the truth of the matter. He has returned to the conception of the book of Job. The Ruler of the Universe is really, though ever so subtly and at ever so many removes, on the side of the good. Satan is strong, but he is limited, and in the game he plays with the Creator we never doubt that the Creator will win. There is an inscrutability and calmness about the Creator that inspire confidence. The new Job is a schoolmaster and the book consists essentially of a conversation between him and four other men on the problem of evil. The problem is presented by Mr. Wells in the plainest terms—the pain in the animal world. In these terms the problem is perhaps even more difficult to dodge than it is in Ivan Karamazov's terms of the sufferings of children. But Ivan and Mr. Huss reach very different conclusions. Ivan found no possible justification for evil, but among the thoughts that ran through Mr. Huss' mind like incandescent molten metal came this argument:

Why should you struggle if the end is assured? How can you rise if there is no depth into which you can fall? The blacknesses and the evils about you are the warrants of reality.

In Ivan's language, there is to be a final harmony, and it is to be brought about by man's own efforts. Evil is an incentive to him to abolish evil. It seems a queer argument and certainly it leaves such objectors as Ivan quite unanswered. He, it will be remembered, found that too high a price was asked for harmony—the ages of animal torture, in Mr. Wells's case—and he "most respectfully returned God the entrance ticket."

A NOVEL WITHOUT A CRISIS

HERITAGE. By V. Sackville West. (Collins. 6s. net.).

ON p. 3 of her novel *Miss Sackville West* makes an interesting comment:

I should like to explain here that those who look for facts and events as the central points of significance in a tale will be disappointed. On the other hand I may fall upon an audience which, like myself, contends that the vitality of human beings is to be judged less by their achievement than by their endeavour, by the force of their emotion rather than by their success.

These are not extraordinary words; but we are inclined to think they contain the reason for the author's failure to make important a book which has many admirable qualities.

If we are not to look for facts and events in a novel—and why should we?—we must be very sure of finding those central points of significance transferred to the endeavours and the emotions of the human beings portrayed. For, having decided on the novel form, one cannot lightly throw one's story over the mill without replacing it with another story which is, in its way, obedient to the rules of that discarded one. There must be the same setting out upon a voyage of discovery (but through unknown seas instead of charted waters), the same difficulties and dangers must be encountered, and there must be an ever increasing sense of the greatness of the adventure and an ever more passionate desire to possess and explore the mysterious country. There must be given the crisis when the great final attempt is made which succeeds—or does not succeed. Who shall say?

This crisis, then, is the chief of our "central points of significance" and the endeavours and the emotions are stages on our journey towards or away from it. For without it, the form of the novel, as we see it, is lost. Without it, how are we to appreciate the importance of one "spiritual event" rather than another? What is to prevent each being unrelated—complete in itself—if the gradual unfolding in growing, gaining light is not to be followed by one blazing moment?

We may look in vain for such a moment in "*Heritage*." It abounds in points of significance, but there is no central point. After an excellent first chapter—an excellent approach—we begin almost immediately to feel that the author, in dividing her story as she does between two tellers, has let it escape from her control. And as one reads on this feeling becomes more and more urgent: there is nobody in control. Her fine deliberate style is, as it were, wilfully abused by the two tellers; they use it to prove much that is irrelevant; they make it an excuse for lingering and turning aside when everything was to be gained by going forward—until finally, between them they break the book into pieces, not harshly or madly, but by a kind of delicate, persistent tugging, until there is a piece of Sussex, a fragment of Italy, some letters from the war, a long episode in Ephesus, fine, light, glowing pieces—each one, if we examine it closely, a complete little design in itself.

The first teller is Malory, a wandering inconsistent man who loves to stand aside and see what people make of this dark business, life. Seated on a hillside in Italy, he relates to a half acquaintance, half friend, a strange experience he had while living in a farmer's household in Kent. His first vision of the Penniston family as he stands on the threshold watching them at meat, is beautifully conveyed; one shares his "thrill of excitement" and his consciousness that there was something strange here—something that wasn't at all in keeping with sober English farm folk. Little by little he discovers what it is. That tiny aged great-grandmother, crouched over the fire, roasting chestnuts, wrapping herself in the warmth and the faint foreign smell of the burnt nuts was a Spanish dancer.

The wild warm blood glows again in her great-grand daughter, Ruth, and in Ruth's cousin, Rawdon Westimcott: In Rawdon it runs pure and dark, but there is that in Ruth which rebels; she appeals to Malory to save her—and feeling that Malory is her saviour she loves him, but he is blind until it is too late.

Thus Malory. And now the story is taken up by the man who listened. More than a year has passed; the war is raging. He is in England, discharged from hospital, and he decides to visit the Pennistons and see for himself what has happened. He goes, and realising the deep misery of Ruth in the clutches of her brutal husband, he longs for Westimcott's death and that Ruth should marry Malory. But there is a spoiled tragedy. Rawdon is not killed when his wife shoots him. He masters her again.

The third part of the book is a journal sent by Malory to his friend, giving an account of the next ten years; how he returned from the war and asked Ruth to leave her husband, how when she refused he went on an expedition to North Africa and then to Ephesus. At Ephesus an entirely new character appears, a man named MacPherson, who has nothing whatever to do with the story, and, except that he receives a yearly packet of flower seeds from Ruth. Malory's story becomes the story of his life with MacPherson. After the outsider's death Malory returns to London where Ruth finds him and—takes him home. She explains (or rather he explains for her) that her wild husband has turned coward and left her. He, the bully, has been through all those ten years gradually filling with fear of her, until at last, he can bear no more.

What has she done to provoke that fear? Ah, that would be interesting to know, but the author does not tell us. It happened and it freed her; and with his going from her the devil goes from her, too, leaving her at peace and free to lead her other life with Malory.

These are bare outlines, richly filled in by the author, and yet we are not "carried away." She has another comment:

Little of any moment occurs in my story, yet behind it all I am aware of tremendous forces at work which none have rightly understood, neither the actors nor the onlookers.

That is easily said. We have heard it so often of late that we are grown a little suspicious, and almost to believe that these are dangerous words for a writer to use. They are a dark shield in his hand when he ought to carry a bright weapon.

K. M.

RE-UNION. By S. L. Ollard. (Robert Scott. 3s.).—Dean Church once remarked, with his discouraging commonsense, that, "though nations may make peace, Churches are irreconcilable." The history of the attempts at reunion that have been made since the Reformation suggests that the Churches have not even seriously desired to be reconciled. Much goodwill has been expended on paper, but when it comes to practice, the whole story reads like some bad romance by Dumas. Charles I. entertains a Papal emissary, who holds fearful conferences with Anglican prelates of the Laudian school under cover of night. Charles II. draws up a scheme (in which, by the way, the "Man in the Mask" is said to have been implicated) whereby his bishops are to retain their wives at the price of denying their orders, and acknowledge the Papal supremacy in theory, provided they are in practice exempted from it. The Nonjurors seek to fortify their position by an alliance with the ancient Patriarchates of the East. William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, successfully interferes to prevent this, but comes to grief over his own plan of an *entente* with the Gallican Church against the Papacy. Room has even to be found in Mr. Ollard's pages for the tawdry melodrama of "Bishop" F. G. Lee's Order of Corporate Reunion in the nineteenth century, with its secret consecration of bishops at sea, its "Pastorals" read from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral and other puerile attempts at mystification. From this welter of base politics and charlatans pure enthusiasts now and again emerge—Ambrose Phillips de Lisle, Dr. Pusey, Lord Halifax—but what a pitiful record it is on the whole!

A CHILD AND HER NOTE-BOOK

THE YOUNG VISITERS OR MR. SALTEENA'S PLAN. By Daisy Ashford. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the story of Mr. Salteena's plan to become a real gentleman ("I am quite alright as they say but I would like to be the real thing can it be done he added slapping his knees. . ."), of his unrequited love for fair and flighty Ethel Monticue, of Bernard Clark's dashing and successful wooing of Ethel, together with some very rich, costly pictures of High Society, a levie at Buckingham Palace, a description of the Compartments at the Chrystal Palace occupied by Earls and Dukes, and a very surprising account of the goings on at the Gaierty Hotel. It is one of the most breathless novels we have ever read, for the entirely unmerciful and triumphant author seems to realize from the very first moment that she can do what she likes with us, and so we are flung into the dazzling air with Bernard and Ethel, and dashed to earth with poor Mr. Salteena, without the relief of one dull moment. Happily, there are only twelve chapters; for human flesh and blood could stand no more—at any rate grown-up human flesh and blood. For, as far as we can judge from the portrait of the nine-year-old author, this rate of living did not upset her in the least; she positively throve on it and could have sustained it for ever.

At first glance Daisy Ashford may appear very sophisticated. There is evidence that she thoroughly enjoyed the run of her parents' library, and, unseen and unheard, revelled in the conversation of her elders. Signs are not wanting that she enjoyed exceptional opportunities for looking through keyholes, peeping through half-open doors, gazing over the banisters at the group in the hall below, and sitting, squeezed and silent, between the grown-ups when they took the air in the "baroushe."

But for all her dressing up in Ouida's plummy hat and long skirt with a train, she remains a little child with a little child's vision of her particular world. That she managed to write it down and make a whole round novel of it is a marvel almost too good to be true. But there it is, and even while the grown-up part of us is helpless with laughter we leap back with her into our nine-year-old self where the vision is completely real and satisfying.

Who among us *a cet âge là* has not smiled through his fingers at Ethel Monticue, overheard at a party:

What pleasant compartments you have cried Ethel in rather a society tone.

Fairly so so responded the Earl do you live in London he added in a loud tone as someone was playing a very difficult peice on the piano.

Well no I dont said Ethel my home is really in Northumberland but I am at present stopping with Mr. Clark at the Gaierty Hotel she continued in a somewhat showing off tone.

Oh I see said the earl well shall I introduce you to a few of my friends.

Oh please do said Ethel with a dainty blow at her nose.

It has been questioned whether the book is not an elaborate hoax; but if one remembers the elaborate games one played at that age, the characters that were invented, the situations and scenes—games that continued for days and days, and were really unwritten novels in their way—one finds no difficulty in believing in the amazing child. One only rushes to rejoice in her and to advise our old young men when they approach the more solemn parts of their serious adventures to take a dip into her "plan" and see how it should be done.

K. M.

THE anniversary meeting of the Geographical Society will be held next Monday afternoon in the hall of the Alpine Club, 23, Savile Row. The paper by Colonel Tilho announced for June 16 has had to be postponed, as the author finds himself unable to come to London.

IGNIS ARDENS.

A FORTY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP (1876-1917): LETTERS FROM THE LATE CANON H. SCOTT HOLLAND TO MRS. DREW. Edited, with an Introduction, by S. L. Ollard. (Nisbet, 10s. 6d. net.)

"IGNIS ARDENS," the prophetic motto of one of the Popes, well describes Henry Scott Holland, who no doubt appeared on the ecclesiastical scene at a moment when the fire was bound to kindle. Tractarianism, originating as an attempt to dam the backwash of the Revolution by austerity and rigid adherence to the patristic traditions of the Laudian age, had learned a good deal by being flung into the slums of nineteenth-century London to sink or swim there. Between 1870 and 1890 the time was ripe for new theories to meet new needs. They came in the shape of Christian Socialism and "Lux Mundi"—the one an effort to face the social difficulty, the other an adjustment of Catholic theology to Biblical criticism. There would have been something lacking in the royal row that followed the publication of "Lux Mundi" if Holland had not been among the contributors, and the little green Christian Social magazine called the *Commonwealth* would not have had twenty-three years of life, and be still in existence, if any editor of less vitality had taken its doubtful fortunes in hand at the beginning.

Holland had, of course, the characteristic defects of "Liberalism." He had more generosity than clearness of vision. It was easier to realize his sympathies than to grasp his ideas. To this day no one can quite tell what "Christian Socialism" really amounts to in politics. "There is but one standard by which to test them," we find him writing in these letters—"the social welfare of Labour." That sounds quite Bolshevik! Yet the academic disdain he shows for the underworld of vice described in Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival" would have made St. Francis wince. It was the same thing with his theological Liberalism. Was he with or against the Modernists? They could never be sure when they were going to get a slap on the back, and when a scalding douche of shocked indignation. He was for throwing open the divinity degrees at Oxford, but he filled the air with his lamentations over a late audacious episcopal appointment.

This want of intellectual discipline was probably the explanation of his style. It resembled the firework known as "golden rain," and there is danger of its being forgotten that there was fine gold amid the bewildering torrent of epithets and verbs. The emotionalism of his "Lux Mundi" essay conceals sound philosophical argument; his literary judgments, when enthusiasm does not carry them away, are admirable; and it is more than likely that the little sketches of the great Churchmen of his time contained in his volume of "Personal Studies" will prove of more solid use to the historian than all the sober two-volume biographies.

Nevertheless, the flame of his personality burned more brightly in his life than his works. He must have been a rare friend. To encounter him in Oxford, bustling across Tom Quad on his way to the Cathedral, was to carry away an impression of kindly acquaintance, even though one had never exchanged as much as a greeting with him, and was never destined to do so. Mr. Ollard remarks that there is not a bitter or malicious word in any of his letters. He probably never uttered one in his life. The "Flaming Fire" scorched only meanness and falsehood.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE most important sale for next week is, of course, that of the Yates-Thompson manuscripts on June 3. We have already analysed the catalogue in some detail (May 2, p. 273), and we refer our readers to that notice. It is preceded on Monday by a sale of autograph letters and historical documents, which will be of interest equally to the collector and the historian. The first collection comprises 25 lots relating to the history of Coventry, which should save much trouble to anyone writing the history of that city, and should obviously be in its public library. A second collection (to be sold in bulk if possible) relates to the history of the loyalists in the United States and in Canada. Of less public interest are a number of letters from Washington to Arthur Young dealing with farming, and a number of musical manuscripts, etc., belonging to Sir George Henschel. Scots historians will appreciate documents by James II, III, and IV, and by Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, while there is some interest in an early diary of De Quincey.

Another portion of the great Philipps collection will be disposed of on June 24 and the following days. Its interest is mainly American, but it contains another volume of the Shakespeare reprints of 1619, with two of 1622. It is bound in Russia, and has therefore been rebound since its formation. The plays are "Sir John Oldcastle," "The Whole Contention," "Richard III," "The Merchant of Venice," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merry Wives," "Othello," (1st. ed.), "King Lear." It is, we think, somewhat careless of Messrs. Sotheby to advertise the mistaken attributions of Dr. Furnivall or Halliwell-Phillipps, when they must be aware that the dates of some of these plays have been proved to be fictitious. The collection, if sold as what it is now known to be, is just as valuable; and it is interesting as showing that the reprints were easily purchasable at the time.

MESSRS. SOTHEY'S recent sales have included the following books from the stock of the late Mr. W. J. Leighton, the well-known antiquarian bookseller, and other sources: Bunyan, *The Holy War*, 1682, £92. Chaucer, *The Ploughman's Tale*, 1606, £37. E. Damerval, *Le livre de la Deablerie*, 1508, £35. *Dialogus Creaturarum*, 1480, £60. *Jardin de Santé*, 1539, £54. Keats, *Endymion*, 1818, £63. *Missale Magdeburgense*, 1563, £59. Shakespeare, *Works*, fourth folio edition, 1685, £97; *A Yorkshire Tragedie*, 1619, £51. Smollett, *Works*, 16 vols., 1748-78, £52. *Le Songe du Vergier*, 1491, £50. Swinburne, *The Queen Mother, Rosamond*, 1860, £30. R. Whytforde, *The Martiloge*, 1526, £106. J. P. C. de Florian, *Galatée*, 1793, £33. Kipling, *Departmental Ditties*, 1886, £22.

WITH BRITISH GUNS IN ITALY. By Hugh Dalton. (Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.)—The bond of instinctive sympathy that has always existed between a certain type of Englishman and the average Italian is still often something of a surprise to many in England, while to the German who comes to Welschland with a laboriously acquired knowledge of the language, the country and its products it is a positive grievance. The author of this unpretentious little book clearly possesses it, and values it at its true worth. His narrative may drag at times, and his reflections may not always rise above the commonplace, but it is obvious that he knows how to get on with Italians. Indeed, he tells us that wherever he has travelled in Italy he has always found himself among friends. If the other officers in the ten batteries of heavy guns serving with the Italian army from 1917 to the end of the war were of the same stamp as himself, they should have been able to do useful propaganda work; for they had a unique opportunity of getting into touch with our Allies. If we may judge from the quotations given from their letters, the men also seem to have liked the Italians; and of course the fact that so many of them speak our language, since they have spent years in America, or even in England, helped to make matters easier. Then there is the proclamation by the authorities of Ferrara, where the author's battery recuperated after the Caporetto disaster, to show the eagerness of the Italians on their side to give adequate expression of their gratitude for our help—even to the schoolmaster who made a speech in English, and informed the assembled troops that his wife was an Englishman. Mr. Dalton's battery took part in the 1917 offensive, when it was on the Vipacco.

NOTES AND NEWS

At the meeting of the Senate of the University of Cambridge on May 13, the Vice-Chancellor read the following portion of a letter that he had received from Mr. R. Waley Cohen:—

It has been an immense pleasure to me to be able to write to Professor Pope and tell him that the British oil companies have agreed to join together in a scheme for endowing a Chemical School at Cambridge. The Burmah Oil Company have agreed to contribute £50,000; the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, £50,000; the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, £50,000; and Lord Cowdray and the Hon. Clive Pearson between them £50,000, making the total of £200,000 which is required. Mr. Deterding, who has taken very great interest in the scheme from the beginning, has offered to make the £200,000 into guineas by adding a personal contribution of his own of £10,000.

It is also announced that the Goldsmiths' Company have given £5,500 to the University of Cambridge for the purpose of equipping and extending the Department of Metallurgy on condition that the name of the company is associated with the extension. The gift will enable the department to double the size of the laboratory. The company founded the Readership in Metallurgy in 1908 and rendered further help two years later.

THE Académie des Sciences has elected M. Hilaire de Chardonnet in the section of Applications of Science to Industry, and M. Goursat in the section of Geometry. M. Chardonnet's claims rest upon his work in creating the industry devoted to the manufacture of artificial silk. He has also made some interesting experiments on the absorption and transmission of ultra-violet rays. M. Goursat's mathematical work is well known, particularly in connection with analytic functions and the theory of partial differential equations of the second order.

THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE, the well-known authority on Central African anthropology, has undertaken an ethnological mission to Central Africa on behalf of the Royal Society. The object of the expedition, the funds for which have been supplied by Mr. R. J. Mackie, of Glasgow, is the study of certain African races which are still comparatively unaffected by European civilization, especially various pastoral tribes. Amongst the tribes that Mr. Roscoe hopes to investigate are the little-known tribes of Mount Egon and some of the Nilotic tribes. It is expected that the expedition will last about two years. It is hoped that the information acquired, apart from its purely scientific interest, will enable the Government to pursue an enlightened policy for the economic development of the country. The conception of the expedition is chiefly due to Sir J. G. Frazer.

WHILE there are some signs that the United States of America may repeal the manufacturing clause in the American Copyright Act, which provides that, to get American copyright, works in English must be set up and printed in the States, the master printers of Canada are again fighting hard to get a manufacturing condition inserted in the Bill now before the Canadian Senate Committee. It would be a misfortune if Canada were shut out of the International Convention, which includes some twenty States.

THE Council of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Paris have recently made the following elections: Dr. Ménétrier, author of a standard work on cancer, Professor of the History of Medicine; Dr. J. L. Faure, Professor of Gynecology; Dr. Pierre Duval, Professor of Surgery; Dr. Gosset, Professor of Operative Medicine; and Dr. Balthazar, Professor of Legal Medicine; and Dr. Léon Bernard, Professor of Hygiene. Of these probably Dr. Duval is the best known in this country, by reason of his surgical work during the war.

THE second production of the Art Theatre will be "The Seagull" of Anton Tchekhov, which is to be given at the Haymarket Theatre on June 1 and 2, at 2.30 p.m. The cast includes Misses Margery Bryce, Madeline Clayton, Helen Haye and Irene Rathbone, Messrs. Leyton Cancellor, Joseph A. Dodd, Nicholas Hannen, T. Nesbitt, E. H. Paterson, and Ernest Warburton. The play will be produced by Madame Donnet, who is also responsible for the scenery and costumes. These performances are open to members of the Art Theatre Guild only, and all applications for tickets and other information should be made to the Secretary, the Art Theatre, 43, Russell Square, W.C., or at the Haymarket Theatre on the Monday afternoon before the performance.

Science

THE UNION OF SPACE AND TIME

THE principle that all natural phenomena are indifferent to a uniform motion of translation with respect to the æther introduces a certain confusion into our methods of measuring space and time. Two observers having a uniform motion of translation relative to one another use different units in their measurements of space and time. In order to give precise form to the relations between these units we assume that we are unable to determine a difference in the velocity of light in different directions. The experimental evidence in support of this assumption seems to be conclusive; the new point of departure is the assumption that it is universally true, and the next step is to deduce the properties of space and time which are consistent with this assumption. We see that, adopting this point of view, the notion of a universal, immobile æther begins to fade away. We are investigating, as it were, the geometrical properties of space and time. Maintaining our assumption, we find that the spaces and times used by our two observers are related to one another in accordance with a certain simple set of equations. These equations are commonly known as Lorentz-transformations, although Einstein was the first to point out their real significance. Now it is obvious, from the assumption from which the equations are derived, that any two systems of measurement of space and time which are related to one another by a Lorentz-transformation are equally valid so far as the phenomenon of the propagation of light with a definite velocity is concerned. But it is not evident *a priori* that the known facts of dynamics and electro-magnetism can be fitted into this framework of space and time without contradiction. When the attempt is made we find that the Newtonian form of the laws of dynamics cannot be fitted into the new framework. We find, instead, several very interesting departures from the Newtonian laws; for instance, that we must assume that the mass of a body is not a fixed thing, but depends upon its velocity; that the dimensions of a moving body depend upon its velocity and in such a way as to change in exactly the ratio required by the Fitzgerald-Lorentz contraction; and that the velocity of light is a critical velocity in the sense that, relative to any given observer, a real body cannot move faster than light. Thus, in order to preserve the principle, we have to create a new dynamics which differs markedly from the old Newtonian dynamics. For ordinary velocities the difference is small, but at high velocities the difference is appreciable. Experimental tests have been made, and the results have been in agreement with the predictions of the new dynamics. The laws of electro-magnetism, on the other hand, enjoy the remarkable property of remaining unaltered by a Lorentz-transformation. Therefore, so far as phenomena governed entirely by these laws are concerned, it is impossible to distinguish between one frame of reference and another. Since the æther is simply the frame of reference relative to which these laws hold we see that, so far as phenomena of this kind are concerned, we have no way of identifying the æther. The æther remains an unknown frame of reference.

There seems to be no way of removing the ambiguity in our measurements of space and time. Our modes of measuring space and time, which we have been accustomed to suppose quite independent of one another, are seen to be interdependent. A curious and interesting light has been thrown on this interdependence by Minkowski. He considered the three dimensions of space as related, together with time, to a certain four-dimensional continuum of space and time. When this is done the equations of the Lorentz-transformations are seen to admit of a very remarkable

interpretation. They correspond, in fact, to a mere rotation of the axes of space and time in this four-dimensional continuum. We know that the orientation of our usual space axes makes no difference in Newtonian mechanics. The principle of relativity may be regarded as an extension of this indifference to orientation to Minkowski's four-dimensional continuum. This four-dimensional continuum is perfectly isotropic; the resolution into space and time separately, which we have seen to depend on the motion of the observer, corresponds merely to an orientation of the axes. As Minkowski puts it: "Henceforth Space and Time in themselves vanish to shadows, and only a kind of union of the two preserves an independent existence." In this four-dimensional continuum the distinction between space and time vanishes; the whole of space and time is portrayed in one construct. The motion of a moving point through all time is represented by a single curve, called a *world-line* of the point. The points on this world-line are ordered to correspond with the succession of events in time, and the interpretation of the world-line as representing an ordinary motion depends on the choice of the direction of the time-axis in the four-dimensional region. The world-lines of all entities would give a complete history of the configurations of the Universe for all time, and all exact observations are records of intersections of world-lines, *i.e.*, of coincidences in space and time.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- MAY.
FRI., 30. Royal Institution, 5.30.—"A 'Filter-passing' Virus in certain Diseases," Sir J. Rose Bradford.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—Adjourned Discussion on Dr. W. H. Hatfield's Paper, "The Mechanical Properties of Steel."
- SAT., 31. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Italian Front," Lecture I., Mr. J. M. Price.
- JUNE.
MON., 2. Institute of Actuaries, 5.—Annual Meeting.
Geographical, 5.30.—Annual Meeting.
Aristotelian, 8.—"Platonism and Human Immortality," Dean Inge.
- TUES., 3. Royal Institution, 3.—"Listening under Water," Lecture II., Professor W. H. Bragg (Tyndall Lectures).
Dr. Williams's Library, 5.30.—"The Analysis of Mind v. Belief," Mr. Bertrand Russell.
Institution of Electrical Engineers, 6.—"The Continuous Wave Plant at the Carnarvon Station," Senatore G. Marconi.
Guild of Education, 11, Tavistock Square, W.C., 6.30.—"The 'Censor' and Unconscious Symbolism in Psycho-analysis," Lecture I., Dr. Constance E. Long.
- WED., 4. Royal Archaeological Institute, 4.30.—"The Chalice: its History and Evolution," Mr. W. W. Watts.
Geological, 5.30.—"On the Dentition of the Petalodont Shark, *climacodus*," Mr. A. Smith Woodward; "A New Theory of Transportation by Ice: the Raised Marine Muds of South Victoria Land (Antarctica)," Mr. F. Debenham.
- THURS., 5. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Balkans," Lecture II., Sir Valentine Chirol.
Royal Society of Arts, 4.30. "Aviation as affecting India," Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.
- FRI., 6. Philological, 5.30.—Dr. Henry Bradley on the Year's Work on the "New English Dictionary."
Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Atomic Projectiles and their Collisions with Light Atoms," Professor Sir Ernest Rutherford.

ON May 22 the President of the Royal Society, Sir J. J. Thomson, O.M., proposed to a meeting of the Royal Society that the Prince of Wales be elected a Fellow. The meeting carried the motion unanimously.

At the monthly general meeting of the Zoological Society on May 21 the President announced that the Prince of Wales was admitted as a Fellow of the Society, in accordance with his Royal Highness's expressed desire.

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—May 7.—Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, President, in the chair.

Mr. Francis H. Ahier, Mr. G. Little Brown, Lieut. W. A. Edwards, Mr. Marshall H. Haddock, Capt. Harold Virgo Hinton, Mr. C. W. Osman, Mr. Norman Mosley Penzer, and Mr. Inkerman Rogers, were elected Fellows.

Major Reginald W. Brock, formerly Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, who had visited Palestine on behalf of the War Office, and paid special attention to the Dead Sea region, delivered a lecture on "The Geology of Palestine." The structure was shown to be that of a tableland bisected by a great rift-valley (graben), and flanked by a coastal plain. A section was exhibited illustrating East Jordanland acting as a horst; the boundary-faults of the Jordan Trench; the unequal sinking of the contained blocks; the western section of the tableland sunken with relation to the eastern, and thrown into an asymmetric anticline the limbs of which rise in steps through monoclinical flexures or faults. Lantern-slides were used to illustrate the character of the country and outstanding features in its geology.

ZOOLOGICAL.—May 13.—Prof. E. W. MacBride, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Secretary exhibited two photographs of a living okapi, and stated that the animal had been in the possession of its present owners for a period of over three years. The photographs showed that it was a young animal, and that probably, as in the case of the giraffe, the okapi does not reach its adult stage until five or six years of age.—Mr. E. G. Boulenger exhibited a series of living specimens of the British rats and their varieties, and stated that during the past four years there was evidence that the so-called old English black rat had increased in numbers.—Prof. J. P. Hill gave a résumé of Mr. Noel Taylor's communication on "A Unique Case of Asymmetrical Duplicité in the Chick," and illustrated his remarks by a series of lantern-slides.—Lieut.-Col. S. Monckton Copeman read a paper on "Experiments on Sex Determination," and illustrated his remarks by a series of lantern-slides of carefully-prepared charts.

METEOROLOGICAL.—May 21.—Sir Napier Shaw, President, in the chair.

A paper by Capt. C. J. P. Cave and Mr. J. S. Dines, entitled "Further Measurements on the Rate of Ascent of Pilot Balloons," was read by Mr. Dines. The paper discusses experiments made, in continuation of previous work, on the rate of ascent of pilot balloons measured in a closed building. The building used in the present case was the Royal Albert Hall, which is very suitable for the purpose, inasmuch as a clear height of 40 metres is available from floor-level to the grid at the centre of the domed roof.

The "Report on the Observations for the Phenological Year, December, 1917, to November, 1918," by Mr. J. Edmund Clark and Mr. H. B. Adames, was also presented. The excessive cold of December, 1917, was followed by three mild months, February in particular. Hence by April 1 blackthorn was in most parts blooming, whereas after the very cold early months of 1917 the mean date was 35 days later than 1918. Rarely has the farm and garden promise at this date been so satisfactory. Then came the mid-April bitter weather, disastrous to the opening fruit-tree buds; and a continuation of summer drought and coolness continued the prejudicial conditions. A genial August greatly favoured the earlier harvesting districts, but the excessive wet in September caused damage and loss elsewhere. The whole autumn was cool, but comparative dryness in October and November helped finally in the harvesting of nearly average field crops. Potatoes gave a record for acreage and yield per acre, but after storage there was serious loss from disease. The migrant records support the interesting weather relationships shown by the other tables. The effect of the war has been felt in the loss of many of the observers who formerly contributed to this report, and an increase in the present numbers is much to be desired, particularly in the northern districts and in Ireland.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 22.—Mr. W. Page, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. W. R. Lethaby read a paper on "The Origin of London," in which he put forward the view that London had its origin as the port of Verulamium. The site of the city could not be approached from the east or west on account of the rivers Lea and Fleet, and his suggestion was that the first approach to the city was from what are now Hampstead and Highgate, by means of an ancient road which led from St. Albans by way of Barnet, Crouch End, Islington, and Aldersgate Street. Before the Roman conquest Verulam was the capital of the leading British kingdom, and it was as the port to this town, the traffic going along the above-mentioned road, that London had its origin.

Fine Arts

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

CARFAX GALLERY. Industrial Landscapes by C. J. Holmes.

ADELPHI GALLERY. Drawings by Jakob Kramer.

BURLINGTON GALLERY. Modern Paintings.

CHENIL GALLERY. Paintings and Drawings by G. L. Brockhurst.

GRAVES GALLERIES. Paintings by Mr. Hancock (the Postman Artist).

LEICESTER GALLERIES. Sketches by Lady Butler. Some Modern Painters. Drawings and Water-Colours by Pamela Bianco.

MR. HOLMES'S landscapes show loopholes into reality. It is like being above the clouds and catching rare glimpses of the earth. He penetrates to reality in such paintings as "A Chimney in Sheffield" (11) or "Rotherham from Steel, Peech & Tozer's" (4), but is woefully caught in romantic visions in numbers 15 and 22. In his romantic visions he is not quite so good as Mr. Pennell; but his occasional glimpses of depth reveal a penetration which should repudiate these aberrations.

Mr. Kramer has earned notice by the excessive simplification of certain pictures exhibited at the Friday Club or at the London Group, but this attention seems to be allied to that which a man would earn by walking down Oxford Street clad in a bath towel, that is to say, a simplicity not difficult or subtle, but so obvious that few men have been tempted to it. It is true that good might ensue if a thousand shapely men dared Oxford Street in bath towels, but the process would be more didactic than æsthetic; so with Mr. Kramer's simplifications. He is better than this. It seems that the will to create beauty does not always achieve its end, while the will to create reality often achieves beauty. Mr. Kramer in his realistic studies exhibits considerable powers of imaginative analysis which should lead him to realizations more profound than that shown in "The Jew."

The "Modern Paintings," at the Burlington, are rather examples of the new academism—the academism of the Salon des Beaux Arts or of the International—an academism which springs from the fusion of the discoveries of Impressionism and of the camera which have so revolutionized our attitude towards actuality. Miss Dorothea Sharp and Mr. Leonard Richmond get beyond this, however. Miss Sharp's brilliance of colour and of aerial perspective, and Mr. Leonard Richmond's design, both stand out from contemporary academism. But Miss Sharp could learn much from Renoir's early work, and the value of her art would be enhanced by using the whole range of the palette.

Mr. Brockhurst has leanings towards what one might call Post-Pre-Raphaelite-Impressionism. It is a curious mixture, not yet blended in Mr. Brockhurst's work into a coherent whole. The chief fault seems to be that it is an artistic device, springing more from a conscious study of other artists than from the painter's natural reactions. It is perhaps not fair of Mr. Brockhurst to exhibit his work thus early. Unfortunately also the few pictures here which seem to have no conscious imitation—certain palette-knife studies—while amazing in their technical ability, are otherwise quite uninteresting. Yet the very fact of Mr. Brockhurst's imitations shows that he has aspirations higher than the ordinary, while there is genuine capacity for design in much of his work. He has yet to learn that these artistic devices are not mere formulas, to rediscover their intrinsic vitality, and by their means find a vitality of his own, and with it his own artistic expression and significance.

I cannot help feeling that Mr. Hancock comes to Art somewhat in the guise of a mendicant, but in Art we must consider processes only as they affect results. Mr. Hancock's processes do not affect his results in any way. One may confidently recommend his work to the picture post-card publishers. With a little more advertisement it might easily rival in popularity the artistic productions of Mr. Jan van Heir.

The modern painters at the Leicester are some of the more notable of the beginnings of the New English. There is amongst them a remarkable early John study of a girl's head, in the Leonardo-cum-Rubens period. Unlike Mr. Brock-

hurst, Mr. John has always contrived to assimilate his influences, and to create with them vitality and coherence. This little study, "Ardor," effectively disposes of all the other figure work in the room. There is a good early Sickert of Venice—not so fine in composition as his later work, but very vital in colour, just in values, and of imaginative comprehension; and a good Spencer Gore, "A Normandy Town," which is full of understanding.

The drawings of Pamela Bianco are the work of a child between the years of ten and twelve. In the scientific article in last week's *ATHENÆUM* is the following passage: "There is a type of genius whose peculiar power it is to see things with the 'eyes of a child.' . . . It is sometimes hard to distinguish between this unspoiled vision and the highest manifestations of the critical faculty." This is applied to Maxwell and to Einstein, and it is equally applicable to Pamela Bianco. This little girl is certainly the most significant child-artist upon record; these creations of sublime unconsciousness reach an artistic level of great worth. There is no need here of mendacity, no need to say, "These are the works of a child" rather, "These are my Art, and an art which no one may imitate"; for, apart from their aesthetic value, which is high, they possess that innocence which cannot be simulated. J.G.

THE executive committee of the British School at Rome has recently received from an anonymous source an endowment of a Rome Scholarship in Engraving, to be offered annually for competition. The scholarship is worth £250 per annum, and is tenable for three years at Rome. The conditions of the award have been drawn up, and the first competition, to be held early in 1920, will be conducted by the newly-appointed Faculty of Engraving of the School, which consists of Sir Frank Short (chairman), Mr. Muirhead Bone (hon. secretary), Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Campbell Dodgson, Mr. Charles Shannon, and Mr. William Strang. The term "Engraving" comprehends all forms of hand engraving, both intaglio and relieve, and includes, for the time being, the following processes: line engraving, etching, soft ground etching, dry-point etching, mezzotint, aquatint, stipple, wood engraving and lithography. Candidates must be British subjects under thirty years of age on July 1 of the year in which the competition is held. Full particulars can be obtained from the Hon. General Secretary, British School at Rome, 54, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

NOTES ON ART SALES

Three Birket Foster water-colours were bought by Mr. Sampson at Christie's on May 19, for £504. Three David Cox drawings of about the same size fetched £276. Thirteen hunting subjects by H. K. Browne ("Phiz") went for £54; two small drawings by H. B. Brabazon, £65; and a head of a girl by A. E. John, £21. "A Peat Bog," 14½ in. by 24½ in., by E. M. Wimperis, realized £147; and "Cintra Spa," 21½ in. by 29½ in., by Copley Fielding, £68. The pictures were not important, but Mr. Leader's "Stormy Weather on the Malvern Hills," was sold for £105 (Sampson); J. W. Godward's "Chloris" for £110; and Sir J. E. Millais's "White Cockade," on panel, 9 in. by 6½ in., for £52 10s.

MESSRS. SOTHEY'S sale of Greek and Roman antiquities, held on May 22 and 23, consisting of the late Sir Hermann Weber's collection and some other properties, included the following important items: A panathenaic amphora, with black figure of Athene, £170; a black-figured Kylix, with a combat of warriors and a scratched inscription, £175; a lekythos with red-figured design of Oedipus in exile, £220; a Greek bronze archaic figure of a nude warrior, £156; a bronze Greek mirror and case, £124; a black-figured hydria with a marriage procession, £260; a red-figured amphora, with a young citharode and a bearded man, £850; a red-figured amphora with a representation of a singing lesson, £210; a red-figured stamnos showing Peleus wooing Thetis, £200; a red-figured hydria showing women gathering fruit, £100; another, showing a scene in a woman's apartment, £100.

The sale of engravings held by Messrs. Sotheby on May 19 and 20, included the following: W. Ward, after G. Morland, Visit to the Child at Nurse, and Visit to the Boarding School, £50. F. Bartolozzi, after Reynolds, Simplicity, printed in colours, £42.

On May 23, Messrs. Christie sold the Graham collection of sporting pictures from Easton Park. A large number of equine portraits by J. F. Herring, sen., were the feature of the sale. One, of Caravan, the winner of the Ascot Cup, 1839, was bought for £346 10s. by Mr. Ackermann, who also secured Herring's "Preparing to start for the Derby," for £252. Mr. Frank Sabin purchased for £420 "A Wedding Party" on panel, 16½ in. by 21½ in., by L. P. Debucourt. A pair of paintings of Partridge and Pheasant Shooting, 23 in. by 36 in., reached £315 (Fores).

Music

"THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS"

THE letters which have been printed recently in the correspondence columns of this journal on the subject of the neglect of music are representative of a fairly widespread state of feeling, and of a state of feeling that is itself very representative of the ordinary English attitude towards the art. The chief complaints made are that young people do not have sufficient musical training in early life, and that those of maturer years do not get sufficient opportunities of hearing the old German classics. Of these two points the first is by far the more important.

It is obviously impossible to make any statement as to musical education in this country which shall be both comprehensive and accurate. Looking back over the last twenty years, I should say without hesitation that there has been enormous progress in the musical education of those who are not intending to make music their profession. When I was a child it was considered unusual and somewhat effeminate for a man to play the pianoforte, though he might sing and play the violin or violoncello, or, if a clergyman, the organ. It was also considered unusual, and somewhat unwomanly, for a lady to play the violin. A lady performer on a wind instrument was as unthinkable as a lady who smoked a pipe. As regards the present day, the following dialogue, which I overheard at a Cambridge high table just before the war, is significant. An old member of the college on a visit asked a resident Fellow if the modern undergraduate did more work or less than the undergraduate of thirty years ago. "It depends on what you call work," was the reply. "If you mean work for examinations, the modern undergraduate probably does much less; but if you count music and politics as work, then he certainly does a great deal more."

It would be easy to collect any number of beautiful sentiments from the speeches of Cabinet ministers, headmasters, and other grave and reverend signiors, on some such thesis as that "music is the pivot on which all education must turn." I will not venture to doubt their sincerity. But in practice it is more illuminating to hear the views of young music-masters and of boys. It is not always the oldest and wealthiest schools where the best music is to be heard, even when the music-master is himself a man of keen ideals. There seems, as far as I can judge from such information as has reached me, to be often more musical energy in small and comparatively obscure schools, where a really musical headmaster or a really capable music-master has fewer obstructions in the shape of school traditions. Some people seem to think that if boys are only forced to listen to a sufficient number of classical quartets and symphonies, they will become musical without further trouble. But the most that results from this is merely the "formation of a good taste"—a sort of average standard of musical good manners. To develop real musicianship, even among those who will go through life mainly as listeners, something more is needed—contact not only with inspired compositions of the past, but with inspiring teachers of the present.

And this brings me to the second complaint—that our concerts are too much taken up with modern music. The writer of last week's letter throws the blame on the critics. For myself, I should be proud to shoulder it, hearing as I do the bitter lamentations of the young composers and the young concert-goers. When anyone is plain-spoken enough to say that "the spirit of the age is precisely what many of us want to have as little as possible to do with,"

we know pretty clearly what kind of a musician he is. It means that he has no intellectual curiosity as regards music—possibly even no intellectual curiosity about the minds of the younger generation. He wants merely to hear over and over again the music which he first learned to appreciate in his own younger days, when intellectual effort was a matter of less difficulty. Music has become for him just a habit, like his glass of port and his cigar after dinner. He “knows what he likes,” and is willing to pay for it—very willing, too, I daresay, to share it with his friends; but his interest in music is at best merely receptive, not creative. Not that it is given to every artistically-minded person to be a creator. Some of us are born as critics, and must remain so all our lives. But even we critics can at least, if we will, make some effort to understand, to meet the creators half-way.

It is this stagnant indifference to the creative side of music, the essentially English tendency to regard music as a thing supplied to us from—it may be from “above,” it may be from “below,” but anyway from outside, that leads certain people to expect the Government or the municipality to take over the music-supply as they might the supply of gas or milk. Those who clamour for State-subsidized opera-houses and State-subsidized orchestral concerts are either the people who want to get official jobs, or to get their own music performed, or else those who are not sufficiently active-minded to set about getting music for themselves. And those who actually are doing their best to keep music alive do not, as a matter of fact, want to give up much time to the “old German classics.” I will admit that it came as a very painful shock to me when I first began to realize that the younger generation were as a rule bored by Beethoven. London has just had a week of what was called a Beethoven Festival. It might equally well have been called a Bach Festival or a Weber Festival. The audiences were on the whole mediocre, except for the concert at which Mr. Moiseiwitsch played. Nor were the programmes representative of Beethoven at his greatest. The Beethoven with whom the younger generation are bored is the Beethoven of the C minor Symphony, of the “Waldstein” and the “Appassionata.” But their attitude is completely different towards the Beethoven of the posthumous Quartets and the Mass in D. These works, however, are just what one does not hear—at least not in London.

I can fully sympathize with those who, having been brought up from infancy on Beethoven, as I was myself, deplore the disrepute into which he has fallen. I deplore equally the neglect of Haydn, of Handel, of Purcell; and I could go on deploring the neglect of a whole chain of great composers back to Josquin des Prés or further, if it were not that I should be accused, not without justice, of making a pedantic show of antiquarian learning. But I would reply by asking at what period the interest of music ceases to be merely antiquarian, and whether it is not perfectly reasonable to say that Brahms and César Franck are as dead as Handel and Rameau—or, if you like, that Handel and Rameau are as alive as Brahms and César Franck—to anyone who has a really intelligent and imaginative appetite for music.

It may be true that music has been the Cinderella of the Arts in England, and perhaps she may be a Cinderella of the present day. Only I wonder if, at the present day, Cinderella would have submitted tamely to the treatment which she received in the story. I suspect that she would have been quite willing to let her ugly sisters go to balls properly chaperoned by papa. She herself would have gone out to earn her own living—there are many ways by which a young woman may do that—and would have spent her evenings in very much more amusing company. Nor would that at all preclude her meeting the Prince.

EDWARD J. DENT.

SIR HUBERT PARRY

As a tribute from one composer to another, Sir A. C. Mackenzie's lecture to the Royal Institution on May 23 was well worthy the occasion; it was both eloquent and restrained, whilst every word of it rang true. But as a critical appreciation, as an attempt to estimate the permanent value of Parry's work and its place in the history of British music, it was foredoomed to failure, and that for a very obvious reason. When a man's work has ranged over well-nigh every field of choral, symphonic, and chamber music, you manifestly cannot give any adequate account of that work in a lecture of less than an hour and a half, a good deal of which is taken up in the performance of illustration. No one was more sensible of this than the lecturer himself, who concluded with an apology for only covering such a small part of the ground, and that in a cursory manner. He may fairly claim therefore to have forestalled this criticism: at the same time one may be pardoned for regretting that he did not confine himself to some one dominant aspect of Parry's work, emphasizing it in detail, rather than try to deal with its general scope.

The one feature to which he constantly recurred was the essentially English character of all that Parry wrote, and it would have been well worth while to concentrate on this point of view, and if possible define the qualities by virtue of which Parry takes rank (very justly) as a representative English composer. There is still a certain amount of misconception about with regard to the question of nationality in music. It is often said that the musical nationalist is no better than the orator at the parish pump, that a creative artist should aspire to take humanity for his theme, and the world for his audience, and so forth. Such a view, though plausible enough, will not bear examination. With nations, as with individuals, personality is the thing that counts. It is refreshing to go to France or Italy because of, and not in spite of, the fact that Frenchmen and Italians do things in an entirely different way from Englishmen. There must be enough of ordinary humanity in the make-up of all three nations for them to meet on common ground; this granted, it is the peculiarity of style and the unfamiliarity of outlook that arouses their mutual interest. It is also true that with nations, as with individuals, certain personalities may be uncongenial; nevertheless the fact remains that although you may dislike a man for his personality, you can never like him for the lack of it. Of course the soul of a nation (if one may be forgiven the phrase) is a monstrous complex, in every way more diverse, more elusive, and more contradictory than that of a single man; no poet, not even Shakespeare, can hope to stand for the whole of his race. But the work of almost every poet (the word is used in its widest derivative sense) will be found to exhibit certain turns of thought and feeling that are characteristic, as far as they go, of his own rather than of any other nation. There are exceptions, no doubt; but this is broadly the significance of the expression, “nationality of art.”

Viewed from this standpoint, how does Parry appear? It will probably be found that his admirers and detractors alike are here in agreement. The qualities in him that repel are as characteristic of his country as those that attract. Both alike are inherent: he has no turns of phrase, no tricks of the brush, such as reveal Granados the Spaniard, or Moussorgsky the Russian. At his worst he has the dullness, the square solidity, the drabness of colour, so often (and one must admit, so justly) attributed to these islands. No good purpose would be served by ignoring these elements in the man. But it is both foolish and ungracious to insist on them when one can turn to his best work, his big choral settings, and find there a dignity, a simplicity, a grandeur of utterance, that may fairly be termed Miltonic. It is by these works, one feels confident, that he will live and be honoured, not merely as a great composer, but as a great Englishman; a true descendant in the line of Chaucer and of Milton, although by no means of so uniform an excellence.

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

MISS GERTRUD HOPKINS gave a chamber concert on May 19 which afforded us another opportunity of hearing Sir Edward Elgar's new Violin Sonata, after having had time to digest the score. It is an unequal work: the slow movement is rather thin, and the thematic material too slight to justify the reiteration that mostly takes the place of development. Much of the material in the first movement, on the other hand, is of real strength and dignity, whilst in the finale a melody not inherently striking is made the subject of some happy and effective dialogue between the two instruments. The restatement of a theme from the slow movement just before the close is cleverly led up to, but does not impress one with the same psychological significance as does the similar device in Brahms' First Violin Sonata. The performance was good on the whole, but one felt that all three movements would have gained in clarity by being taken a shade more slowly. In addition to playing the piano part of the Elgar Sonata and Brahms's B major Trio, Miss Gunn took the viola in Beethoven's early String Trio in C minor, in which she was joined by Mr. Anatol Melsak and Mr. Livio Manucci.

A NEW Clarinet Quintet by Mr. Arthur Somervell received its first performance at Miss Marjorie Gunn's concert on May 19. It is an affable and pleasant, though scarcely an interesting, work. The first and last movements are rather dull, but the two middle ones have enough melody in them to keep attention alive, although the impression left by them (admittedly after a single hearing only) is one of decorous elegance and nothing more. The writing is effective in a quiet way, and the performance (by Miss Gunn, Miss Winifred Smith, and Messrs. Draper, Jeremy, and Doehaerd) left little to be desired, so far as one can judge the first performance of a work of which one has not seen the score. The concert was completed by Beethoven's G major Violin Sonata and Brahms's G minor Pianoforte Quartet, with Miss Myra Hess at the piano.

GLIÈRE'S G minor Quartet (an unfamiliar, though not actually a new work) was given at the second of the London Chamber Concert Society's concerts on May 20. It is an extraordinary mixture of good and evil: the first movement, and still more the third, are delightful pieces of pure Russia, never bizarre, yet full of freshness and colour; in the second movement the composer comes west, and gives us a veritable mud-bath of quasi-Teutonic sentimentality; while in the finale he is off in the other direction, and rhapsodizes in what we have come to recognize as the conventionalized Oriental idiom of Western composers who are trying to depict the East in music. The work was brilliantly played by the Misses Aranyi and Messrs. Tomlinson and Williams, who were joined later on by Mr. Hobday and Mr. Fachiri in Brahms's early Sextet. Violin Solos by Miss Jelly d'Aranyis completed the programme.

MADAME DONALDA, of Covent Garden fame, reappeared (after a long absence) at the Æolian Hall on May 22, when she gave a joint recital with her husband, M. Mischa Leon, a Danish singer new to this country. He has a light tenor voice of refined rather than forcible quality, and uses it very well, except for an occasional tendency to force his high notes. Of his partner one need only say that absence has in no way impaired the beauty of her voice.

MISS KATHERINE KENDALL'S violin recital on May 22 was in every way a more enjoyable affair than such recitals are apt to be. Her programme—Bach's E major Concerto, Chausson's "Poème," and a group of smaller pieces by Couperin, Debussy, and others—showed that with her the music comes first and the performer second. That is as it should be, but how seldom can it be said with any sincerity! Miss Kendall can safely leave pyrotechnics to others; her playing showed her a real musician. She was assisted by Miss Gertrude Higgs, who sang an aria from St. Matthew's Passion and some smaller songs. Aria and concerto were supported by a small string band well led by Miss Marjorie Hayward.

MISS THELMA PETERSEN'S first recital on May 23 showed that she is a young singer with a vivacious style and a considerable sense of the dramatic, who can sing well in several languages. Her worst failing is a tendency to overdo the vibrato. If she can overcome this she will make a good singer.

Drama

THE RUSSIAN BALLET

THE historical study of art is usually an objectionable and dangerous occupation; it offers the easiest and the most respectable escape from the arduous task of criticism and appreciation; it provides a basis for the fallacious irrelevancies of evolutionary aesthetics. When we find ourselves confronted with a picture or a piece of music, and become aware that our feelings are too weak and our perceptions too untrustworthy to enable us to make any direct judgment upon its merits, nothing is more soothing to our baffled self-confidence than to glide off into a penetrating discussion of the influences which are to be discerned in it or into a learned disquisition upon the school to which it belongs. But on the other hand, so long as we keep firmly fixed in our minds the fact that the ultimate essential in these questions must always be the individual's purely aesthetic emotion towards one particular object, a certain amount of historical information may be of considerable preparatory use. For instance, without some familiarity with different conventions and some comparative knowledge of different styles, it will be almost impossible for the inexperienced critic to avoid mistakes of emphasis in his judgments of values. Such difficulties are especially prominent in connection with the ballet—an art with which we have in England the most limited contemporary acquaintance.

In Russia, on the contrary, the ballet has a continuous and flourishing history for nearly two hundred years, for regular performances were instituted by the Empress Anne, in 1735. During the eighteenth century the ballets were essentially court entertainments, in which the highest nobility and even the Emperor himself performed. The *corps de ballet* was at first supplied by cadets from the military academy under the instruction of French or Italian dancing-masters; but by the end of the century their places had long been taken by professionals. It was in 1801 that Didelot went to St. Petersburg, and during his thirty years' reign the imperial ballet was first brought up to a level at which it could compare with those of France and Italy. Didelot, who was then 34, had thoroughly absorbed the choreographic theories which had been propounded a generation earlier by Noverre, and which in some respects anticipated Wagner and in others Mr. Gordon Craig. According to these views, what was to be aimed at in the ballet was dramatic unity: scenery, dresses, music and movements, must all be synthesized in the hands of a single director, whose object must be to subordinate everything to the development of the action. In his position of *maitre de ballet* at St. Petersburg, Didelot had an opportunity of putting part at least of this theory into practice. Accordingly the rococo interludes and mythological *divertissements* were swept away, and instead of them were produced *ballets d'action*, both comic and tragic, which had a definitely dramatic interest, in which miming was the chief technical instrument and in which formal dancing only occurred when there was a "logical justification" for it. Protests were raised (as they were to be a hundred years later) against this "subordination of the rhythmic to the mimetic and plastic elements of the ballet"; but Didelot's triumph was irresistible, and even carried him through the production of a ballet based upon Racine's "Phèdre."

One of Didelot's reforms, however, contained within it the seeds of a reaction against his ideas. He stripped away from the St. Petersburg ballet the wigs, the patches, the buckled shoes, and the farthingales of the *ancien régime*, and introduced the newly-invented flesh-coloured

maillot and gauze dresses. But although from his point of view the change meant an important step towards a realistic production of his pseudo-classical dramas, it also opened the door to the enormous complication in the technique of ballet-dancing which was the feature of the next period of its development and which banished for a century the ideals of Noverre and Didelot. The retirement of Didelot (1831) took place at the period when the ballet was at the height of its popularity throughout Europe—the period of Taglioni and Elssler; and fifteen years later dancing had already in the West gone far into the decline from which it was never expected to recover. But this decadence was of the greatest help to the Russian ballet, which had been suffering from the loss of Didelot. From all parts of Europe, dancers and choreographers, no longer the fashion in Paris and London, made their way to St. Petersburg; and to this emigration the Russians owe three of their greatest *maîtres de ballet*, all of them Frenchmen who had spent their early lives in Germany, France, or England. These were Perrot, the husband of Carlotta Grisi, Saint Léon, the author of "Sténochorégraphie" (the first elaborate attempt at a system of notation for writing down dances since Feuillet at the end of the seventeenth century), and Marius Petipa. Petipa may be regarded as the creator of the instrument which, worked by other hands, we know to-day as the Russian ballet. He was nearly ninety when he died in 1910, and for nearly fifty years the St. Petersburg ballet was under his control; it was his uncompromising insistence upon the most extreme technical severities in training that made possible the birth of the movement associated with the name of M. Diaghileff. But the Petipa ballets which, charged with an immense vitality and variety of invention, he produced by scores, and which dominated the Imperial theatres at St. Petersburg and Moscow up to the time of the revolution, were as unlike what we can see at the Alhambra to-day as they were unlike the dreams of Didelot. A performance in six or seven acts, lasting for three hours or more, a vast stage (twice as large, perhaps, as that at Covent Garden) covered with innumerable performers, a *corps de ballet* in their conventional dress—*en tutus*—only slightly varied according to the needs of local colour, an extreme incoherence of scenery and lights and clothes,—all of this dazzles and confuses the unaccustomed spectator. But after a little experience the rigidity of the convention becomes obvious: the underlying *sujet littéraire*, with its prologue, action, epilogue, and apotheosis, and the equally fixed choreographic frame, with its detached numbers, its *adagio* and *pas d'action* for the ballerina, its *ballabile* and *coda* for the *corps de ballet*, its *entrées*, its *ensembles*, its *variations*, and, finally, interspersed like recitatives among the separate numbers, a few *scènes mimiques*, in which the movements are almost without rhythmic relation to the music which accompanies them. One of these Petipa ballets, "Le Lac des Cygnes," was performed in a mutilated shape in London before the war; "The Enchanted Princess," in the Diaghileff ballet's present repertory, is a *pas de deux* from another of them; but any real production of them outside Russia would be impracticable.

The reaction against the academic ballet, which came to a head with the first Russian season in Paris (in 1909), proceeded along three lines. Firstly, it followed a movement in other branches of the theatre by seeking for greater unity of effect in its productions, by insisting that the work of the choreographer, the painter, and the musician must be co-ordinated. Secondly, under the influence of Mrs. Isadora Duncan, it protested against the limitations of the technique of ballet dancing. Hitherto in ballet only grotesque or "character" dances had been allowed to diverge from the classical style. It was now proposed to introduce irregularities and even bare feet

into the serious part of the performance. Thirdly, the reaction went back to the views of Didelot, and held that the essential part of a ballet should be the dramatic action and that no conventional obstacles must be allowed to interfere with it; that accordingly the *tutu* must be abolished and the dresses as well as the scenery must be made to conform to the story; and that no dancing must be introduced without "logical justification." These three lines of protest may be seen put into practice in nearly all of the many ballets by M. Fokine, which are now being performed in London,—in "Scheherazade," for instance, or in "Petrushka." But the last ten years have brought a further development, a reaction against the reaction, begun by M. Nijinsky and now developed by M. Massine. The first line of protest has been allowed to stand unchallenged: no one cares to dispute the value of unity in the performance. The second, it is argued, needs revision; although the classical technique may have been too narrow, yet it offers a more flexible and effective instrument (with its capacity for exactitude of rhythm) than its woolly Hellenistic rival. Improvement is rather to be expected from adapting and extending the classical style, and particularly from devoting to the plastic of the rest of the body as much attention as the classical style devotes to that of the legs. But it is against the third protest, with its anti-dancing implication, that the reaction is strongest. Where the whole performance is conventional there can be no excuse for insisting that one particular element of it must have "logical justification." Moreover, the occasions on which dancing is logically justifiable are so few that the ballet finds itself forced into endless repetitions, such as the "Cleopatra"—"Scheherazade"—"Tamar" series. Finally, there is the difficulty that the *scènes mimiques* in these realistic ballets are likely to be far more important than those in the old academic ballets, but that they will resemble them in being without rhythmic relation to the music. All of these difficulties may be solved by removing the ban upon illogical dancing—that is, by allowing the *scènes mimiques* to be *scènes rythmiques* as well. It is by adopting this plan that M. Massine has made "The Good-humoured Ladies" not only delightful in itself, but also a turning-point in the history of the ballet.

J. S.

THE LISTENER'S GUIDE TO MUSIC. By Percy A. Scholes. (Milford. 4s. net.)—Probably there is no enthusiastic musician who has not tried, at some time or another, to explain to non-musical people precisely what there is in music that makes it worthy of attention. And there must be but few of them who feel at all satisfied with the result. It is, therefore, with a lively sympathy that we watch Mr. Scholes's attempt to convey to the non-musician something of what music means. Sir W. H. Hadow, in his introduction, quotes Berlioz's division of bad critics into "ceux qui ne sentent pas" and "ceux qui ne savent pas." Mr. Scholes has addressed himself to the second class. His book is, essentially, an elementary account of certain musical forms, starting with the simple A, B, A structure, and proceeding to the sonata and fugue forms. He then says a little about the instruments of the orchestra, gives a very brief account of the development of music, and winds up with a glossary of musical terms. The subject could not be presented in a more simple or more popular manner; indeed, it is almost irritatingly popular. And at the end of it, what has the reader learned about music? He should certainly be able to distinguish a sonata from a fugue, and both from a waltz. He will also learn that Wagner was not contemporary with Bach. This is so much gained, and we do not doubt that this degree of instruction is necessary. But will the reader be able to tell a good sonata from a bad one? and, if not, has he really learned anything essential about music? But it neither this nor indeed any book can qualify him for the company of *ceux qui sentent*, it will set him on the road to becoming one of *ceux qui savent*.

Correspondence

THE SONNETS OF PHILIP SIDNEY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—May I congratulate you on the new weekly ATHENÆUM, of which the first two numbers have just reached me? I find them full of criticism that is really stimulating, based as it evidently is upon a singular honesty of general outlook. I could have wished that your message had been more comfortable, but I realize that it is difficult nowadays to be both honest and cheerful. I suppose indeed that it is impossible.

At the same time may I venture to suggest that a zeal for honesty carries you a little too far when, in the otherwise admirable review in your number for April 4 entitled "The New Elizabethans and the Old," you say that many of Philip Sidney's sonnets are models of frigidity? So summary an obiter dictum is, I submit, unworthy of THE ATHENÆUM. Some of Sidney's sonnets are frigid; but some are simply exquisite. I for one can never forget the intoxication of Elia's revelation of the beauty of "With how sad steps, O moon, thou climbst the skies." I have, alas! no Sidney by me, and I dare not trust my memory for quotations. But I am convinced that you have done an injustice to the real poet who bade himself "look in his heart and write." Compare Sidney's sonnets with the other Elizabethan sequences (Shakespeare's, of course, excepted), and you will find in them not once or twice, but many times, a great simplicity for which you will look in vain among his sonneteering contemporaries.—Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR NEWCOMBE.

Rambla Catalunya 21, Barcelona, Spain.

MR. WINANS ON THE BUST OF HIMSELF.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I think J. G. (who so modestly hides his identity under initials) had better go to an art school before starting as an art critic.

In your paper of May 16 he says of M. Kerckhove's bust of myself: "It is apparently composed of chocolate cream standing upon a rough mass of coffee soufflé."

The rawest art student would know that the bust is cast in the wax used for the cire perdue process, and that it stands on a piece of ordinary plaster of Paris.

J. G. will next have to be told that what artists squeeze out on their pallets is not "tooth paste," but paint for smearing on their pictures.

WALTER WINANS.

Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, S.W.1, May 22, 1919.

CEZANNE.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR—"En 70, quand les gendarmes le cherchaient à Aix, il était à l'Estaque, où sa mère le cachait. Il ne manifestait aucun goût pour le métier des armes. Il avait autre chose à faire, et le sentait, et le savait."—Elie Faure, "Portraits d'hier: Paul Cézanne 1er Mai, 1910."

Having answered M. Raverat's question, may I take this opportunity of giving notice that I conceive it no part of a critic's duty to satisfy the curiosity of idle and ignorant people? Let them consult popular handbooks and other works of reference. You, sir, will of course publish what letters you please; but if, in future, I decline to give my reasons for supposing that Queen Anne is dead, your readers will assume, I hope, that it is not because I have none, but because I am unwilling to waste your space and my own time.

Yours faithfully,

CLIVE BELL

MUSIC THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—How ridiculous are the views of the gentleman who signs himself "James Walker," and whose letter you publish in your issue of May 23. The joys of the elderly are not always the signposts of progress and if the moderns are to be sacrificed perpetually in order that we may study the works of the ancients, we shall end by becoming like those strange women who come to the age of thirty and, by some curious reckoning of their own, never get any older!

So Mr. James Walker wishes us to begin and end with Beethoven—at any rate unless we can produce anyone to be compared with Beethoven *without being heard*!

Mr. Walker proudly asserts that he can purchase Shakespeare but he cannot study at home Beethoven's Symphonies. Which is akin to sagely remarking that we can purchase a book on astronomy and a telescope, but unfortunately cannot arrange for the stars to be got into the back drawing room for us to study at our leisure. Beethoven's Sonatas are lying all around London for all who will to purchase, and piano arrangements of the Symphonies are also to be had as well as scores. The symphonic is but one of the many forms of music and it is precisely such gentlemen as Mr. Walker who narrow the outlook. Says he: "The spirit of this age is precisely what many of us want to have as little as possible to do with."

Truly we want the children educated as "listeners," but if they are never to partake of the spirit of the age in which they live, they will be queer little mortals, brought up like tame little sheep to jump through the hedge when they are told to. While Granville Bantock writes his lovely works, while Debussy sings so sweetly, while Delius, Vaughan Williams, César Franck, Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky, Cyril Scott, John Ireland, Vincent D'Indy, Massenet, Puccini and hundreds of others are living or, having died, have left behind them exquisite moments of many musical forms, we are to harp on the Beethoven string and turn deaf ears to those who have among them "someone who can be compared to Beethoven."

At the risk of stunning Mr. James Walker I will assert that Benjamin Dale's Sonata pleases me more than many of Beethoven's; that Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony" is a very splendid work; that Granville Bantock's "Songs from the Chinese" are works of genius; that Elgar's "Violin Concerto" is fit to rival any classic, German or otherwise; that the chamber music of Arnold Trowell, Joseph Holbrooke, etc., are all full of progress and beauty; that the Cinderella of the Arts has married her Prince long ago while the ugly sisters were slain in a great war when the bestial Germans were trodden under foot by nations with higher ideals and more beautiful souls than they have ever had; and that while we may hear the "Carillon" of martyred Belgium, the "Marseillaise" of glorious France, and the ever-increasing wealth of beautiful musical works (symphonic and otherwise) produced by British musicians, we can live without Beethoven, or Wagner or Schönberg with his "Five Orchestral Pieces" thrown in.

Probably Mr. James Walker hears his music through the medium of newspaper criticisms which, as a rule, are rather dry reading; if he attended concerts he would know that German works are no longer predominant, and that France, Russia, Italy and Britain are achieving musical history quite independent of the German hosts. Anyone who has never heard any "good" music under the age of thirteen does not exist; music is everywhere, from the song of a bird to the ripple of a stream or fountain; music is among us even in the beauty of the human voice. It is impossible that everyone shall love music of the symphonic form in its more soulful aspects for the simple reason that tastes differ, but Mr. James Walker would probably think "Tipperary" most fearfully vulgar, and probably wonders why the barrel-organs do not give us the "Berceuse" of Chopin, and errand boys whistle "From the New World"! Probably for the same reason that policemen do not as a rule read Dante, nor cooks indulge in theosophy in intervals of roasting the joint.

Beethoven is very dead while many musicians are very much alive; some day Mr. James Walker may go to the place where Beethoven is and there he may explain how far he got in his admiration. To us it matters not a jot; we are progressing and the "strenuous" attempts of some critics to "substitute modern French and Russian music" for the old German classics have succeeded, as witness the concert programmes of most artistes, even though a Beethoven festival does disgrace the days when the Hun is signing his peace with the victorious nations who have not produced "a Beethoven."—Yours faithfully,

CORALIE DUTORDOIT.

197, Camden Road, N.W.1, May 26, 1919.

Foreign Literature

THE POETRY OF FAITH

LA VIERGE ET LES SONNETS. Par Francis Jammes. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)

READING that part of M. Jammes' book which is covered by the title "La Vierge," one has an uncomfortable sense that something is lacking in one's mind. A whole universe of ideas exists for M. Jammes, of which we are quite unconscious. He offers the "Cantique de Lourdes" and the "Cantique de N. D. de Sarrance" for our appreciation and criticism. We are at a loss to know what to say of them. It is hard for a man who is totally colour-blind to appreciate a picture by Titian. And in the same way, to those who have not known that particular variety of religious experience called "foi de charbonnier"—to those, in fact, who are faith-blind—M. Jammes' canticles will signify nothing at all. We can hardly listen with patience to the story of little Bernadette, who saw the Virgin in a cave near Lourdes, and was personally assured of the truth of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

En un an, dix-huit fois
Le Ciel s'ouvre pour elle
Et laisse venir celle
Dont plus douce est la voix
Que le violoncelle.

Yet this and the story of Our Lady of Sarrance, whose face appeared reflected in a stream, are real and beautiful and moving to M. Jammes. The childlike simplicity with which he writes is the mirror of a childlike faith. Genuineness and an absence of all affectation are the qualities in his poetry which impress one before all others. The canticles reflect a state of mind which to most of us—through prejudice, it may be; through constitutional differences in our habits of thought—is entirely alien. It would be absurd even to try to pass judgment on a work written in a language one does not understand.

This difference of language does not exist in the sonnets. The canticles remain a curious phenomenon which we can only regard with a scientific detachment devoid of sympathy; the sonnets touch us intimately and movingly as only poetry can do. They are the poems of a man advancing towards old age, serene in the possession of an assured and tranquilizing faith, who looks back on the season of his passionate youth, not with pagan regret, but as a Christian, thankful that he has escaped its worst temptations:

Soyez béni, Seigneur, par qui j'ai recherché
L'amour d'un absolu qui manquait au péché.
Les fruits d'or et de sang qui s'offraient à mon âme,
Si je les ai cueillis, je les ai rejetés
Pour boire avidement l'inextinguible flamme
Qui tombe du Ciel même au milieu de l'été.

He worshipped the beauties of the spirit too passionately ever to be wholly faithful to his earthly loves:

Il était, au delà des jeunes frénésies,
Un coin inaccessible et noir dans la forêt.
Cette forêt était mon cœur, ce coin secret,
La source où s'en venaient boire mes poésies.
Que si je t'ai jamais aimée, enfant choisie,
Si mon rythme a jamais gémé sur tes bras frais,
Je te cachai cette heure où je me retirais
Pour écouter le flot où nageait l'harmonie.

Je t'adresse aujourd'hui cette confession:
Laisant l'échelle d'or et ses illusions,
Quand s'effeuillait dans l'agrandissement des choses,
A travers les pertuis des dômes de ce bois,
Sur l'eau pure, un couchant fait de bouquets de roses,
C'est Dieu que j'appelais, je m'éloignais de toi.

Exquisite as this sonnet is, we may be allowed to regret those less regenerate days when M. Jammes made such unrecapturable music—absurd, passionate, sentimental,

ironical, all in one—with the name of that heavenly pensionnaire, Clara d'Ellébeuse. "Viens toute nue, Clara d'Ellébeuse!" But he has learned wisdom now:

Que m'importe l'échelle d'or, les rouges lèvres?
Tout est vain qui n'est pas le grand calme de Dieu.

M. Jammes is almost unique among French poets for his avoidance of anything that resembles rhetoric. He is not one of the "marchands de pathos et les faiseurs d'emphase, et tous les baladins qui dansent sur la phrase," so deplorably common in his country's literature. His simplicity of expression is natural: it does not occur to him to deck out his thoughts in the gaudy rhetoric that disguises rather than reveals. In the hands of imitators his simplicity becomes a rhetoric as ridiculous as that of the old emphasis-mongers. Very simply and very subtly, M. Jammes tells us in this sonnet how he feels towards the clever literary men who criticize him:

Quelques personnes, cinq ou six, sous la tonnelle
Riaient, disant des mots que l'enfant que j'étais
Ne pouvait pas comprendre, et je m'en attristais:
Car l'innocence veut qu'on s'exprime pour elle.
L'esprit encore plein d'un sommeil où se mêlent
Des chansons de nourrice à des bourdons d'été,
Je ne m'expliquais point cette feinte gaieté
Sous les lauriers aux bouts desquels le soleil grêle.
Que me voulez-vous donc, ô mes doux ennemis,
Vous qui lisez ces vers, les raillant à demi,
Comme d'autres faisaient de moi sous le feuillage?
Lorsque je vous entends, je ne vous saisis pas,
Et vous ne pouvez point traduire mon langage,
Car votre voix est haute, et je parle tout bas.

In the sonnets his voice follows the modulations of quiet speech: we appreciate their beauty the better for his restraint. But the canticles are pitched too low for us to hear. The child murmurs to himself, and the grown-ups, who do not understand, are apt to mock him with their spiteful laughter. A. L. H.

D'ANNUNZIO'S TRIUMPH SONG

CANTICO PER L'OTTAVA DELLA VITTORIA. Da Gabriele D'Annunzio (Milano: Treves. 2 lire.)

WHY is it that the Air Service has been the breeding-ground of so few of the great choir of lesser songsters whom we owe to the war, and whom, for want of anything better, we have got into the habit of treating with all the seriousness of great poets? May it not be that the dreariness of life in the trenches, which sent so many men into the Flying Corps, drove others to seek relief in verse-writing, whereas flying itself provides ample outlet for most men's craving for beauty? D'Annunzio long sought to satisfy his love of outdoor adventure, of swiftness of motion combined with personal risk, by riding and sailing. But a very slight acquaintance with flying completely changed his views. As poet and fighting man he had found the arm he was seeking. It seems to wing his very *canzoni*, to lift them from the earth as nothing had ever done before. This hymn of victory is as much the work of an airman as is the "Laus Vitae" of a sailor. The war in the air has meant so much to D'Annunzio that life seems now to have left little to offer him. He distrusts the approach of peace and what it may bring. With Meredith he might exclaim: "Dying here is not death; it is flying into the Dawn."

Con una meravigliosa gioia tesi le mani
a rapir la morte. E sempre diceva ella: "Domani,"
Sempre diceva ella: "Più alto!"

He offered himself freely, a willing victim, to his country, whose triumph he here sets himself to sing. Truth, he tells us, in her crown of oak leaves leaps from the foul mud, washes away the blood and the sweat, and champions the power of song over the shout.

The poet is almost awed by the greatness of the moment. The war has brought Italy to the goal towards which she has been struggling since the time of Dante—nay, since the barbarians first broke through the bulwark of the Empire. No wonder he sees her as one great song :

Sei un infinito canto. Muta sembri rimasta
da secoli per cantar quest' inno che sovrasta
la speranza e supera il fato.
Sembri rimasta in silenzio da che la terza rima
ti rapì nel Paradiso dov' arde su la cima
dell' amore il verso stellato.

And the whole Italian race must share in her triumph :

E le città di Dalmazia si scingono sul mare
cantando dai bei veroni veneti, bionde e chiare
nell' ombra di Vettor Caraccio.

D'Annunzio has here given his country of his best, as he did when fighting for her. One may admire his work or not, but at least he embodies that love of beauty in word or deed, art or song, which is the greatest gift the gods have bestowed upon Italy. The perfection of phrase, the impeccable rhythm, the determination to be content with nothing but the most beautiful word, no matter how recondite, which make his prose odious to many ears from the very monotony of its harmony, find their true place in a poem such as this.

L. C.-M.

L'UNITÉ DE LA POLITIQUE ITALIENNE. Par Jules Chopin. (Paris : Bossard. 2fr. 75.)—The writer of this little book will be known to anyone who reads the *Mercur de France*. He realizes the confusion in political thought which has been left by the war, and as he is not engaged upon propaganda, he can afford to be fair to those who are not in agreement with him. Yet the argument of his book is all upon the old lines. Some have seen in the alliances entered into by Italy a proof of the instability of Italian policy ; M. Chopin points out that the foreign policy of Italy has always been directed towards control of the Adriatic and preponderance in the Mediterranean, and he shows only too clearly where the old diplomacy, with the balance of power, military domination and strategic frontiers, has been leading the Italian people. On the old arguments, indeed, Italian claims to the eastern shore of the Adriatic are actually better than the claims of the Jugo-Slavs. Even on the principle of nationality the Italians propose to include in their population, by annexations in Dalmatia and elsewhere, only three per cent. of people of non-Italian nationality, while in the new Roumania, after the annexation of Transylvania, 17 per cent. of the population will not be Roumanian ; and in the Czecho-Slovak State some 40 per cent. will be neither Czechs nor Slovaks. For this reason it might have been imagined that the Jugo-Slavs and their supporters would have made the existence of an independent kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes an unanswerable argument for adopting the League of Nations. In the end, however, the Jugo-Slav cause had to be justified by the old arguments, strategic and transportation frontiers and "legitimate aspirations."

Whatever the arrangements ultimately made, it is probable that "unredeemed" minorities will be oppressed more than ever before, in old states and in new ones. The catch-phrase so often used by supporters of the Czecho-Slovaks or Jugo-Slavs, "robbing a country of some of her sons," only means robbing an imperialist government of some conscript soldiers. Anyone who has tramped in these frontier districts and talked with the people knows how little it really matters to them which State they belong to. Both countries tax and conscript ; and if the Austrian taxes were lighter than the Italian, service in the Italian army was preferable to that in the "common" army or the *Landwehr*. No real understanding of these problems will be gained until government officials and publicists give up talking about nations as "She" and begin to think "in terms of men and women."

BUROCRACIA. Da E. Lolini. (Roma : Soc. An. Ed. La Voce. 5 lire.)—The enormous expansion of our own bureaucracy since the war makes this book of special interest to-day. When organizing the Italian Civil Service Minghetti hoped to steer a middle course between the excessive centralization of the French system and the no less excessive

provincial independence, as he considered it, of the United States or Switzerland ; but the result has been a steady increase of that centralization which seems inseparable from all systems copied from the Napoleonic model. And this centralization has been most unfortunate in a country where provincial differences are as marked as in Italy. At the same time the Civil Service has been falling more and more under the blight of political influences, due to the growth of parliamentarianism, which was greatly accelerated by the Giolitti régime. The small demand for men of University standing, whose numbers grew rapidly with the extension of secondary education, resulted in a large intellectual proletariat, whose one hope of employment lay in joining the underpaid ranks of the *impiegati*. Hence pressure was continually brought to bear upon politicians to increase the Civil Service ; and as only the highest posts were adequately paid, it is not surprising to find interested persons increasing these lucrative appointments out of all proportion to the nation's needs. The result was that, in spite of the enormous extra work it was called upon to perform, the efficiency of the bureaucracy was not appreciably affected by the absence of the large numbers who were called to the colours during the war. Signor Lolini hopes that the industrial expansion due to the war will continue, and draw away more and more of the brains of the country from the Government service. Clearly he looks with envy on the comparative elasticity and independence of our own system. In Italy there are no permanent Under-Secretaryships, and Ministers are too busy with the political side of their work to get sufficiently in touch with their offices to master their working, while the long years of purely mechanical routine work rob most men of all initiative when at last they receive promotion. We cannot follow Signor Lolini into the details of his proposed reforms, but his book certainly deserves attention.

LERMONTOV'S NOVICE (MISYRI). Edited by J. D. Duff. (Cambridge, University Press. 5s.)—An offensive swagger inseparable from the Byronic tradition in poetry repels the modern reader at the very outset. He refuses to be impressed—runs great risk, indeed, of unutterable boredom, unless a sense of the ludicrous comes to the rescue. It is not only that a truer perception of nature has invalidated the cosmic symbols of these heroes of revolt. (Their stage, alas ! but too often suggests the less convincing Wild West film.) The moral background, the *Weltanschauung* made explicit in the more ambitious works of that school, is, if possible, even more inadequate. Some dignity might have been gained had the poet revolted in the name of humanity ; but the hero of the present poem goes out of his way to warn us that his woes are incomprehensible to us and that he is quite indifferent to our sympathy. Then why, we ask, does a hero of this stamp wail in our presence ? We demand at least the benefit of the doubt.

Lermontov, being incapable of thought, excels only when unconscious. No one has ever surpassed the immediacy and simplicity of his lyric outcry with its perfect fusion of symbol and idea. It is on his short and familiar poems that his fame will ultimately rest. As an explicit self-revelation, however, the "Novice" cannot be neglected by those who would solve the enigma of the poet's character. Its burden is homesickness for childhood, for the free life of nature—inseparable ideas throughout Lermontov's poetry. The novice (a child in spirit, as he repeatedly insists) escapes from the convent, tastes for a brief period the life of freedom, is prevented by his broken will from reaching the land of his desires, and is brought back exhausted to captivity and an early grave. He dies, but without reconciliation. For a few moments in the country of his childhood he would exchange eternity with God. In full harmony with this self-drawn picture are the childish pouting lips which observers have recorded of Lermontov as in strange contrast to the mournful expression of the eyes. His whole revolt, indeed, resembles much more the undirected and utterly selfish assertion of a wounded child than the intellectual anguish of the man who returns God his ticket in the name of humanity. His pride is not the pride of Satan. Behind it tears are for ever ambushed. But the bewildered outcry of the child will find a response in our hearts when the deliberate rebel has become a mere historic curiosity.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

Kudalkar (Janardan S.). THE BARODA LIBRARY MOVEMENT: a short account of the origin and growth of the Central Library Department of the Baroda State. Baroda Central Library, India, 1919. 10 in. 79 pp. il. apps. 027.4

The Baroda system of a large central library, town, village, and travelling libraries, would do great credit to any European country. Out of a population of about twenty millions, more than half are provided with libraries, which are housed in handsome, roomy, and well-constructed buildings, and conducted on scientific lines. This flourishing system is due to the munificence and enlightenment of the Maharaja, and the work of an American library expert, Mr. W. A. Borden, in its organization.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Cox (William Lang Paige). CHRISTIAN ETHICS AND PEACE PROBLEMS. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp., 2/ n. 172.4

The Archdeacon of Chester argues that there is "a much sterner side to Christianity than many of late have supposed," and that the teaching of the New Testament justifies the use of armed force for the punishment of evildoers. With respect to Christ's attitude to the law of retaliation, the Archdeacon declares that His words "have been misread and misinterpreted by persons so opposite as Nietzsche and Tolstoy, by Prussian militarists and English conscientious objectors to military service, by atheistic scoffers at Christianity, and members of the Society of Friends." Archdeacon Cox's view is that Christ did not abrogate in principle the ancient rule of retaliation, but the principle was to be acted on only in God's way and for God's purposes. To that end all requital of personal injuries was to be taken out of private hands. The book is described on the cover as a "defence of the Christian use of force both in home and foreign matters."

Lossky (N.O.). THE INTUITIVE BASIS OF KNOWLEDGE: an epistemological inquiry; tr. by Nathalie A. Duddington; preface by Professor G. Dawes Hicks. Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 449 pp. ind., 16/ n. 121

In this book the Professor of Philosophy in the University of Petrograd develops an intuitional theory of knowledge, after passing in review the epistemological inquiries of the pre-Kantian and also of the nineteenth-century philosophies. The author exhibits great learning and an acute mind. We were unable, however, to find any reference to certain modern investigations in pure logic which nevertheless have an important bearing on some of the points raised by the author.

200 RELIGION.

Denis (Léon). LIFE AND DESTINY; tr. by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Gay & Hancock, 1919. 7½ in. 324 pp., 6/ n. 212

"To-day there are thousands of voices from the realm of the dead which speak to the earth. The invisible world enters into action, and eminent spirits, agents from beyond, are recognized by the beauty and power of their teachings. . . . The methods and the results are equally remarkable." "To believe does not suffice for to-day—we want to know" says M. Denis; wherefore he aims at a demonstration "at once logical, mathematical, and positive," and apparently is satisfied that he has achieved it. We trust that Mrs. Wilcox, and not her original, is responsible for the phrase, "the dimensions and circumlocutions of the brain," though it is more expressive than seems to be intended.

Hodgkin (L. Violet). SILENT WORSHIP: the way of wonder ("Swarthmore Lecture"). Headley, 1919. 7½ in. 95 pp., 1/6 n. 289.6

The practice of silent contemplation in the ancient mysteries, in Oriental religions, in the Mass and the monastic communities, and by individual mystics, forms an interesting study introductory to an account of Quaker silence in the times of Fox, Barclay, Penington, and Penn, and the revival late in the nineteenth century.

The New Testament; otherwise called the New Covenant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: revisions of the versions of 1611; by the Rev. E. E. Cunningham. Fisher Unwin, 1919. 9½ in. 392 pp. apps., 21/ n. 225.5

The Vicar of Llangarron, Herefordshire, has attempted "to supply the general reader with a rendering that, while faithful to its original and abreast with the knowledge of the day, shall present the words of evangelists and apostles in English as correct and clear as may be attained"; in short, "in such wording as, to the best of one's judgment, the writers might have used, had they written in the English language." Dr. Cunningham gives in footnotes occasional explanations and some alternative renderings, but refrains from quoting the original Greek (the work is based on the Greek Testament brought out by Prof. E. Nestle), although he cites now and then passages from the Latin Vulgate. This is described as the second edition, but the date of the first edition is not stated.

The Princeton Theological Review vol. 17, No. 2, April. Princeton, N.J., Univ. Press (Milford) 1919. 9½ in. 173 pp. paper, 3/ n. 205

Besides the reviews of recent literature and the survey of periodical literature, this number contains two articles by Mr. J. D. Davis, "Hadadezer or Ben-hadad" and "The Statue of Shalmaneser at Asshur"; a long paper, "the Comment on John ix. 38 in the American Revised Version," by Oswald T. Allis; and a contribution, "Scientific Biblical Criticism," by Mr. R. Dick Wilson, who subjects the higher critics of the Old Testament to some very candid criticism.

Stock (Eugene). NOTES ON THE NEW LECTIONARY. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp. paper, 1/6 264.032

As the result of prolonged study of the New Lectionary, in regard to its own merits and in comparison with the Old Lectionary, the author considers that the scheme is framed with great skill, and that it is destined to quicken and deepen the respect of English Churchmen for Holy Scripture, as well as their attention to it when read in church. Certain imperfections in the New Lectionary are indicated in the "notes"; and the author makes the suggestion that the lector, before beginning any lesson, should introduce it "with a few brief words," sometimes with reference to the preceding context, and occasionally explanatory.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Blanchard (Raphael). LE BA'CUBERT ("L'Art populaire dans le Briançonnais"). Paris, Champion, 1914. 10 in. 90 pp. bib. il. paper, 5 fr. 394.3

Author of a monograph, "L'Art populaire dans le Briançonnais," M. Blanchard here describes and investigates the history of an annual sword-dance that takes place in August at the village of Pont-de-Cervièrès. This folk-custom is popularly reported to have come down from the time of the ancient Gauls. M. Blanchard finds it in existence in 1549, but is unable to pierce the mystery of its origin.

***Brooks (Leonard).** THE BRITISH ISLES ("The New Regional Geographies"). (Univ. of London Press) Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 7½ in. 166 pp. il. (maps), 2/6 372.89

This forms part of Book 3 of the series. The publication of the complete book, which deals with Europe and Africa, has been delayed because it was considered inadvisable to issue the volume until the decisions of the Peace Conference should be known. At the request of many teachers, however, the British Isles portion has been published separately. The book is well provided with maps, and is suitable for fairly advanced pupils.

Dennis (Trevor). AN ARITHMETIC FOR PREPARATORY SCHOOLS. Second Edition. Bell, 1919. 7 in. 383 pp., 4/6 372.7

Lawrence (Thomas Joseph). LECTURES ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, delivered in the University of Bristol. Bristol, Arrowsmith, 1919. 7 in. 110 pp. ind. paper, 1/n. 341.1

The Rector of Upton Lovel, who is an authority upon international law, and Reader in that subject at the University of Bristol, delivered these discourses during February and March last. Dr. Lawrence clearly marshals the arguments in favour of the establishment of a League of Nations, and points out that the application of science to the arts of destruction is in its infancy. Future wars must be increasingly horrible and disastrous to human race. The argument, on the other side, that a League of Nations will derogate from the independence and Sovereignty of the States which compose it, is met by the author's apt comparison of the nations with the College boat clubs of his old University (Cambridge), which are self-governing, elect their own officers, and organize their own practices and races, and of the League with the University Boat Club. This controls the inter-collegiate races, decides inter-collegiate disputes, and the like, and is itself controlled by the captains of the various College boat clubs, who meet together to elect its president and secretary, and make its rules. It possesses, in fact, executive, legislative, and judicial functions, such as are adumbrated for the League of Nations.

Lucas (Sir Charles Prestwood). THE WAR AND THE EMPIRE: some facts and deductions. Milford, 1919. 7½ in. 48 pp. paper. 1/6 n. 321.03

Notes written in relation to the work and objects of the Imperial Studies Committee of the Royal Colonial Institute, and intended more especially as suggestions for teachers when dealing with the effects of the war. The subjects include militarism, nationhood and nationalism, equality, and the like. Stress is laid on the fact that, although a great part of the British Empire has accrued in consequence of war, "less than is commonly supposed is the outcome of conquest, and comparatively little is the result of intended and pre-meditated conquest."

Metcalfe (A. E.). "AT LAST": conclusion of "Woman's Effort." Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ in. 88 pp. ind. paper, 1/6 n. 396.3

Miss Metcalfe has provided an admirable supplement to "Woman's Effort," her very able and accurate record of British women's long and arduous struggle for political emancipation, which was noticed in THE ATHENÆUM for July, 1917, p. 357. "At Last" embodies a clear account of the decisions arrived at by the militant and other suffrage societies upon the outbreak of the great war. It briefly—alludes to the inestimable services rendered by women throughout the period of the war, summarizes the franchise debates of 1917-18 in the House of Lords and House of Commons, and concludes with a section relating to the passage of the Act enabling women to be elected to, and sit and vote in, the Imperial Parliament.

***Ryan (W. P.).** THE IRISH LABOUR MOVEMENT FROM THE TWENTIES TO OUR OWN DAY ("Modern Ireland in the Making"). Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1919. 8 in. 266 pp., 4/6 n. 331

The author of "The Pope's Green Island" relates the melancholy story of Irish labour during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; of the unsympathetic and disastrous work of the politician, the Church, and the capitalist; the abortive trade-unionism, and the lean years that followed. The latter half of his book deals with the new movement identified with Connolly and Larkin, and its programme for a Workers' Republic.

United States. CATALOGUE OF THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY, 1918-19 ("Bulletin of the Phillips Exeter Academy," vol. 14, no. 4, December, 1918). Exeter, N.H., the Academy, 1918. 8 in. 92 pp. paper. 378.05

Contains the usual information provided in an academic calendar.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

***Davison (Charles).** DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS FOR COLLEGES AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS. Bell, 1919. 7 in. 309 pp., 6/ 517.2

A compact little text-book giving the elements of the Differential Calculus with a number of the more elementary applications to plane curves. Numerous examples are appended, together with answers. The treatment is thoroughly elementary, making no pretence to rigour; and the book forms a suitable introduction for beginners.

***Fabre (J. H.).** SOUVENIRS ENTOMOLOGIQUES: Première Série. Paris, Delagrave, 1914. 10 in. 375 pp. il. app. paper, 14fr. 40. 595.7

This is the first volume of the long-awaited definitive edition of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" of the late J. H. Fabre. The edition is worthy of the great French naturalist and writer. It is well printed with adequate margins, and is to be enriched with nearly 200 heliogravures, not only of the insects described, but also—what is perhaps an equal attraction to the literary as opposed to the scientific admirer of Fabre's work—of the places described in his incomparable descriptive prose. This first volume of the edition, which will be completed in eleven volumes, contains such famous essays as "Le Scarabée Sacré," "Un savant tueur" and "Une ascension au mont Ventoux."

Gilmore (Charles W.). A NEW RESTORATION OF TRICERATOPS, with notes on the osteology of the genus (no. 2260, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 16 pp. il. 568.19

The probable shape and appearance of the horned dinosaurs have frequently been shown pictorially and by model restorations; but discoveries of new specimens, and especially of well-preserved skin impressions, have added considerably to our knowledge of these animals. The author, therefore, in 1915 prepared a model of *Triceratops elatus* Marsh, in which he portrayed graphically some of the characteristics discovered during the previous ten years, and also expressed his conception of the animal in the flesh. Plate 3 is an excellent photographic illustration of this model. The paper comprises a series of notes on the osteology of *Triceratops*.

Merrill (George P.). A HERETOFORE UNDESCRIBED METEORIC STONE FROM KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI (no. 2259, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 2 pp. il. 552.f

Microscopical examination of thin sections showed the stone to be a crystalline "spherulitic chondrite," consisting essentially of olivine and enstatite "with the usual sprinkling of metal and sulphide." The stone is supposed to belong to an old and unrecorded fall.

Royal Society of Canada. TRANSACTIONS, Series 3, vol. 12: section 3, MATHEMATICAL, PHYSICAL, AND CHEMICAL SCIENCES: June and September, 1918; December, 1918, and March, 1919. Ottawa, Hope & Son (Quaritch). 9½ in. 108, 87 pp. il. paper, 50 c. each. 506

Without being in any way startling, the contents of these two sections are fair specimens of sound, competent work. The papers are, for the most part, short, and deal with points in physics and chemistry which, although not promising great enlightenment in themselves, constitute part of that careful, detailed work from which generalization springs. The scientific section of the Royal Society of Canada occupies an honourable place amongst the smaller of our scientific societies.

***Silberstein (L.).** PROJECTIVE VECTOR ALGEBRA. Bell, 1919. 8½ in. 78 pp. ind., 7/6 n. 512

In this little book Dr. Silberstein develops an algebra of vectors which is more general than the usual vector algebra. The author bases his work on the axioms of order and of connection, and uses the fundamental theorem of Desargues. The resulting vector algebra can be applied to the whole field of projective geometry. The book is an excellent one, and is well printed.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

- ***Chisholm (J. S.).** VEGETABLE GARDENING ("People's Books"). Jack, 1919. 6½ in. 126 pp. il. ind., 1/3 n. 635

The senior lecturer in horticulture in the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture has put into a compact and businesslike form the rudiments of kitchen gardening, from the chemistry of soils and fertilizers to the culture of all the crops usually grown.

- Hall (Maurice C.).** THE ADULT TÆNIOID CESTODES OF DOGS AND CATS, AND OF RELATED CARNIVORES IN NORTH AMERICA (No. 2258, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 94 pp. il. bibliog. 616.964

The paper includes descriptions of all the adult tapeworms of the superfamily Tænioidea known to occur in dogs, cats, and related carnivores in North America, besides species not yet recorded as present in the North American continent, but found elsewhere, and liable to occur in carnivores in North America.

- Institution of Mechanical Engineers.** JOURNAL, no. 4, May. The Institution, 1919. 8½ in. 120 pp. paper. 620.6
Contains a paper by Mr. Herbert C. Armitage entitled "Jigs, Tools and Special Machines, with their Relation to the Production of Standardized Parts," and the discussion thereon.

- Institution of Petroleum Technologists.** JOURNAL AND RECORD OF TRANSLATIONS vol. 5, no. 18, February. The Institution, 17, Gracechurch Street, E.C., 1919. 8½ in. 70 pp. paper, 5/ 665.5
Papers by Dr. F. Mollwo Perkin ("The Production of Oil from Mineral Sources"), and Messrs. A. Campbell and W. J. Wilson ("Paraffin Wax and its Manufacture"), as well as other matters of interest, are comprised in the present number.

- Ranken (Clerk).** INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY ("People's Books") Jack, 1919. 6½ in. 126 pp. ind., 1/3 n. 660
Dr. Ranken does not rashly attempt to provide a manual or even an introduction to this branch of applied science, but has written a useful and interesting short account of the numerous ways in which modern science has developed, and in some instances revolutionized, industry. Fertilizers, metals, oils and fats, coal tar, tinctures, cellulose, sugars, alcohol, and the rare earths are considered in turn.

- ***Wheeler (Mary C.).** NURSING TECHNIC ("Lippincott's Nursing Manuals"). Lippincott [1918]. 7 in. 265 pp. il. ind., 6/ n. 610.73

These notes have been brought together by the Superintendent of the Illinois Training School for Nurses in the hope that the teaching of the fundamentals of the subject may be more closely standardized in Schools of Nursing. The book is well arranged, various sections treating of beds and baths; the care and handling of the patient; the dressing-room; medicines, emergencies, and the like. The work should be of considerable use to practising nurses, as well as to students of nursing.

- Zooms and Spins :** an army pilot's light and shade impressions; by Rafbird. Sampson Low [1919]. 8 in. 120 pp., 3/6 n. 629.17

These slight chapters on all sorts of flying experiences in war and peace have no doubt served their turn as evening entertainment in the newspapers.

700 FINE ARTS.

- Lovelace (Mary, Countess of)** A PORTRAIT MISNAMED LADY BYRON. "The Connoisseur," 1918. 9 in. 12 pp. pors. 757

It is believed by the author that the picture by James Ramsay, R.A., entitled "Lady Byron," reproduced on p. 66 of vol. 4 of "Lord Byron's Letters and Journals," edited by Mr. Rowland Prothero, is not a portrait of the poet's wife, Anne Isabella Milbanke. The only evidence, says Lady Lovelace, that connects the painting with Lady Byron is the inscription on the wooden stretcher of the canvas, "Portrait of Lady Byron," which * may or may not be

'contemporary.' " Lady Anne Blunt, since deceased, suggested to the author that the original of Ramsay's picture was Mrs. Byron, the poet's mother, previously Catherine Gordon.

- Royal Institute of British Architects.** JOURNAL, 3rd series vol. 26, No. 7, May. The Institute, 1919. 11½ in. 24 pp. paper, 1/ 720.6
Contains, with other matter, a paper by Mr. H. T. Buckland, entitled "Factory Building chiefly in relation to the Welfare of the Worker."

780 MUSIC.

- ***Mason (Daniel Gregory).** CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS. New York, Macmillan Co., 1918. 7½ in. 301 pp., 10/6 n. 780.4

This is a good book. Mr. Mason, after an excellent introduction on "Democracy and Music," discusses, in the light of principles there developed, Richard Strauss, Elgar, Debussy and D'Indy. A concluding chapter deals with "Music in America." Mr. Mason is a fair-minded and exceptionally intelligent critic, and he does not lack courage. The argument is illustrated by musical quotations.

- ***Scholes (Percy A.).** THE LISTENER'S GUIDE TO MUSIC; with a concert-goer's glossary and an introduction by Sir W. Henry Hadow. Milford, 1919. 7½ in. 118 pp. il. app., 4/ n. 780.7
See notice on p. 407.

800 LITERATURE.

- ***Cunliffe (J. W.).** ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY. New York, Macmillan & Co., 1919. 8 in. 315 pp. bib. ind., 10/6 n. 820.93

Much is to be said for working backwards in the study of history, whether of literature or politics. American and some English Universities are accepting the principle. Dr. Cunliffe's welcome handbook offers guidance to young people whom he has encouraged to study recent literature as well as that of the more distant past. After discussing the reactions of liberalism in politics and social thinking, and of the teaching of Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, he devotes separate chapters to Meredith, Hardy, Butler, Stevenson, Gissing, Bernard Shaw, Kipling, Conrad, Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, the Irish movement, the new poets, and the new novelists. The work forms a useful pendant to that of Prof. Phelps on twentieth-century poetry.

- ***Dark (Sidney).** CHARLES DICKENS ("People's Books"). Jack, 1919. 6½ in. 123 pp. por., 1/3 n. 823.83

A short biography is followed by a sensible general appreciation of the great novelist—"the super Englishman preaching in English to the commonplace English that life was thrilling and splendid and funny"—and this in turn by summary accounts of the novels seriatim.

- ***Greene (Robert).** GREENE'S GROATSWORTH OF WIT, BOUGHT WITH A PENNYWORTH OF REPENTANCE. Oxford, Blackwell [1919]. 6 in. 83 pp., 5/ n. 823.3

This reprint of the unfortunate Robert Greene's little masterpiece is exquisitely produced in Dolphin old-style type on a fine hand-made paper. Since we conceive it impossible that it should have been printed on a hand press at so low a price, the blackness of the impression on such stubborn paper is very remarkable; we offer our congratulations to the publisher and the printer. The general effect is such that we are inclined to wonder whether (*pace* Mr. Robert Lynd) the first sentence of the "Groatworth of Wit" might not demand consideration as one of the most beautiful sentences in English:

In an island bound with the ocean, there was sometime a city situated, made rich with merchandize, and populous by long space; the name is not mentioned in the antiquary, or else worn out by Time's antiquity, what it was, it greatly skills not; but therein thus it happened.

- ***Lynd (Robert).** OLD AND NEW MASTERS. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 249 pp., 12/6 n. 824.9

Mr. Lynd is an attractive critic. Many of these essays deal with writers, such as Dostoevsky, Shaw, and Henry James, in whose presence we cannot yet feign the indifference of calm judgment; and therefore, if we disagree with Mr.

Lynd, we are apt to dissent with emphasis. Criticism which is banal or insincere excites no such reaction, but Mr. Lynd makes us take a lively interest in his opinions.

Scherillo (Michele). *LE ORIGINE E LO SVOLGIMENTO DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA: vol. 1, LE ORIGINE.* Milan, Hoepli, 1919. 6 in. 699 pp., 10 lire 50. 850.9

This, the first volume of a useful manual of Italian literature, brings the history to the end of the fourteenth century. Most of the space is devoted to the great men. Short biographies are included.

POETRY.

Doak (H. L.). *THE THREE-ROCK ROAD.* Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1919. 7½ in. 62 pp. boards, 2/ n. 821.9

All Mr. Doak's poems display exquisite technical accomplishment. Some of them are no more than beautifully written exercises in rhyme and metre; but in some, as "The Miracle" and "Transformation," he has wedded a Parnassian perfection of form to feeling of genuinely lyrical intensity.

***Fletcher (J. S.).** *LEET LIVVY.* Sidgwick & Jackson, 1919. 7½ in. 29 pp. glossary, 2/6 n. 821.9

A first authority on the Yorkshire dialect, Prof. Moorman calls this "the greatest achievement" in that vehicle up to the present time, and is right also in placing Mr. Fletcher's restrained yet powerful story, which was printed privately in 1915, beside the realistic verse-tales of Crabbe. It is an old sexton's story of a strong man's insensate passions.

Gordon (Harry Devereux). *THE GOLDEN TABERNACLE.* E. Macdonald [1919]. 7½ in. 45 pp. boards, 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Gordon has been "inspired by Gustave Flaubert's 'Herodias'" to write a poem about Salome, in which he tells us how

From the bronze braziers flames of crimson sin
Leap up,

illuminating Salome's

fair head crowned with hair like jet,
Where secret vices lurk in purple shades.

If we were Mr. Gordon's literary doctor, we should prescribe a course of Laforgue's "Moralités Légendaires" as the best antidote to this distressingly common complaint, Salome-fever; while he might with profit go back to Flaubert to learn something about the technical perfection which his "Daughter of Herodias" and his other lyrics are so far from possessing.

Grant (David). *THE COMMUNIST'S TALE, 1870-71.* Fleetway Press, Salisbury Court, E.C. 4. 7½ in. 11 pp. paper. 821.9

Fifty-five sextets, in which the author narrates an imaginary episode of the Paris Commune.

Looker (Samuel J.). *A LOVER'S ROSARY: love and nature lyrics.* Stockwell [1919]. 7½ in. 47 pp. paper, 2/ n. 821.9

Phrases like "as to," "so tenderly," "do know," and "so sweet and cool," betray the prentice hand, and such lines as "The sound of bells on Sabbath morn," or "The silence of the lonely hills," the reader of the best poets. Mr. Looker loves nature and poetry with equal devotion.

McCartney (Richard Hayes). *SONGS FROM A WATCH-TOWER.* Chicago, Revell [1919]. 7 in. 151 pp., 7/ 811.5

Mr. McCartney seems to have versified the more violent and, we hope, transient emotions of the man in the street and the lurid sentiments of the newspaper headlines, on the subject of the German misdeeds and pacifist cowardice. From the tirade "Lansdowne" we cull one of the worst lines of verse we ever read:

Would dare speak such despicable a plan;
and two that nonplus our efforts to find a meaning:

For the Germanic People yet can be
Gracious in soul—friend to Humanity

Robinson (J. J.). *SONGS OF SEARCH AND SERVICE, 1889-1918.* E. Macdonald, 1919. 6½ in. 102 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9
Mr. J. J. Robinson would, we imagine, be the last to believe

in art for art's sake. Poetry, for the author of "National Reconstruction," is the handmaid of uplift; his verses are gems of wisdom rather than of art. They are the author's comments on a long life of earnest service; the earliest dates from 1889, the latest tells how:

To war's great test we've come.
Our brave of every clime, a knightly band,
Join the new crusade to our Holy land,
One Empire and one Home

Magnificent; but some perhaps might add, "Ce n'est pas la Guerre."

Tennyson (Alfred, 1st Baron). *HYMN: "IMMUTABLE, IMMORTAL, INFINITE."* (Church Music Society) Milford, 1919. 7½ in. 4 pp. paper, 2d. 821.81

A hymn written by Tennyson when he was seventeen. We quote the fourth verse:

Before the blaze of Deity
The deathless legions bend,
And to the grand co-equal Three
Their choral homage lend.

The hymn is set to Dr. Croft's tune "Eatington." There is a faux-bourdon by Geoffrey Shaw.

FICTION.

***George (W.L.).** *BLIND ALLEY.* Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 343 pp., 9/ n.

Mr. George's new novel is very topical. He passes in review a large number of the questions raised by the war, the questions which ultimately influence conduct, and one feels the author's sincerity the more because he makes no great pretence of being detached. He has given us a serious study of England in war-time, and he is successful in presenting this study as the background of a skilful story.

Glyn (Elinor). *THE PRICE OF THINGS.* Duckworth [1919]. 8 in. 291 pp., 7/ n.

Our modern Aphra Behn surpasses herself in this mélange of erotics, mysticism, *la Russe*, and espionage, in which as the crucial incident an impotent husband anxious for an heir induces a cousin who resembles him like two peas to be his *remplacant*.

Hall (Amanda B.). *THE LITTLE RED HOUSE IN THE HOLLOW.* Hurst & Blackwell [1919]. 7½ in. 249 pp., 6/9 n. 813.5

Peter Sundown is a lovable old Irishman in spite of his weaknesses, and, though he is incapable of providing for his own family, he wins the hearts of children. Fortunately his daughters are mothered by a faithful old servant, and the author has provided a very pleasant account of their experiences.

Lyons (A. Neil). *A LONDON LOT.* Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 289 pp. 6/ n.

This novel is based on the play called "London Pride." The characters are, with few exceptions, drawn from the "lower-class" cockney species that Mr. Lyons has made peculiarly his own. Mr. Lyons's reputation as a writer rests, of course, upon his dialogue, and the present volume owes its attraction almost entirely to the generous provision of this element.

Marqueray's Duel. By the author of "Jenny Essenden." Melrose, [1919]. 7½ in. 382 pp., 6/ n.

The black sheep in this story is the grandson of a South African speculator. He has entrapped into a marriage a very young Irish girl, whom he subsequently deserts at Innsbrück. The girl finds her way to London, where two young men, one of them the private secretary to a Cabinet minister, the other an amateur secret service agent in the confidence of the Government, rescue her from misery. In the end the secret service man falls in love with the heroine. The story drags somewhat in places; but there is an animated account of the wrecking of a political meeting at Mile End, and the book as a whole may be read with a fair amount of satisfaction.

Sime (J. G.). SISTER WOMAN. Grant Richards, 1919. 7½ in. 294 pp., 7/ n.

The man in the prologue to this volume of short stories appeals to the woman, as the representative of her sex, to "stop being antagonistic," but to be articulate in respect to women's grievances; and the tales which follow, "Alone," "Adrift," "The Bachelor Girl," "Munitions!" "A Page from Life," convey an idea of women's desire for freedom and self-expression. The stories are unequal; but some are very well-written.

Wells (H. G.). THE UNDYING FIRE. Cassell, 1919. 7½ in. 253 pp., 6/ n.
See review on p. 398.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare (William). THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH ("Arden Shakespeare") Heath [1919]. 7 in. 207 pp., gloss. ind., 2/6 n. 822.33

The "Arden Shakespeare" stands well among school and students' editions intended not only for philological purposes, but for promoting the study of the play as great literature. The text is well printed; there is a suggestive and adequate introduction; and explanatory notes and a glossary of an elementary character follow.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Bettany (Lewis), ed. EDWARD JERNINGHAM AND HIS FRIENDS: a series of eighteenth-century letters. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 9 in. 399 pp. pors. ind., 25/ n. 920

Edward Jerningham's pleasingly futile career covered the last sixty years of the eighteenth century. Fanny Burney describes him thus: "not only his cheeks but his coat is pink." Her vision of him was more than superficial: he was pink, tenderest pink, all through. His roseate sensibility found expression in platonic flirtations and in verses that mourned "o'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep." The best thing about him was his friends, of whom he possessed a large and varied assortment. Mr. Bettany has published some of the letters he received from them. There are letters from Burke and Walpole—Burke's rather stilted and vain, Walpole's wholly delightful—letters from Mrs. Damer the sculptor, from Lord and Lady Harcourt, from impertinent and silly Lord Carlisle, from Norton Nicholls, the foppish clergyman, from a charmingly vulgar young lady who, anxious to show off her education, addresses him as "my dear jene sait quo," and many others. Mr. Bettany appends a short biographical account of each letter-writer, and his copious notes do much to clear up the inevitable obscurities of an allusive, intimate, gossiping correspondence.

De Beaumont (L.B.). EMANUEL SWEDENBORG (The "People's Books," 25). Jack and Nelson, 1919. 6½ in. 124 pp. por. bibliog. ind., 1/3 n. 920

An epitome of the life and teaching of this extraordinary genius, who worked in the domain of speculative philosophy, excelled in many branches of science, was a practical engineer and inventor, and first gave utterance to the idea which developed into the nebular hypothesis regarding the origin of the planets. In 1745 Swedenborg underwent the strange alteration in his mental attitude which caused him to formulate his remarkable system of theology and to become the founder of the "New Church." The greater part of this booklet is concerned with Swedenborg's philosophy of life and religion, into which we cannot enter here. It is noteworthy that, notwithstanding the revelations which he claimed to have received, Swedenborg expressly repudiated any connection with Spiritism (p. 25).

Street (George Slythe). THE GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY. Constable [1919]. 7 in. 299 pp. pors. ind., 2/6 n. 920

The cheap edition of this book of urbane and agreeable gossip, which first appeared in 1907, deserves a wide sale, full as it is of vivid glimpses of Old Q., the Burlingtons, Byron, Sir Walter, Lady Hamilton, the Great Duke, the Palmerstons, Harriot Mellon, and a hundred or more celebrities less closely associated with this fashionable street.

930-990 HISTORY.

Aulard (Alphonse). LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE, ET LE RÉGIME FÉODAL. Paris: Alcan, 1919. 7½ in. 290 pp., paper, 4fr. 55. 944.04

A history of the feudal system in France during the years immediately preceding and following 1789. M. Aulard shows that the lot of the unhappy peasant was little ameliorated in the first years of the Revolution. The bourgeois Constituent Assembly preserved a conservative and repressive attitude towards the peasantry, whose grievances were not removed till 1793, when the Convention, in need of all the support it could get, rallied the rural population to the cause of the Revolution by abolishing the last vestiges of the old iniquitous system.

Chapman (Charles E.). CATALOGUE OF MATERIALS IN THE ARCHIVO GENERAL DE INDIAS FOR THE HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC COAST AND THE AMERICAN SOUTH-WEST (University of California Publications in History, vol. 8). Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press, 1919. 10 in. 759 pp. ind. 972.02—973.16

The importance of the great archive at Seville may to some extent be gauged by the facts that it has been claimed that "the history of [Spanish] America, so far as the documents are concerned, is preserved almost completely in Spain," and that the most essential parts of the documents relating to the Spanish dominions in America are contained in the Archivo General de Indias. Even if the statement quoted be too sweeping, it is certain that the archive is practically inexhaustible in its wealth of materials relating to almost every conceivable subject in Spanish colonial administration, and is "the most valuable single archive on that field in existence." The author computes the ultimate wealth of the Archivo General at 80,000 bundles, containing from 32,000,000 to 64,000,000 documents, aggregating 160,000,000 pages of manuscript. Dr. Chapman, when setting out upon his undertaking, was thus confronted with the problem whether it would not be best to confine his work to some special section of the archive, and to cover that in its entirety. But one such set of manuscripts contained enough matter for a sixty-volume catalogue; so he decided to make as wide a sweep of Californian materials as possible, leaving it to others to ramify from his foundations. His investigations yielded 6,257 items for the catalogue before us, "of which number it is safe to say that over 5,000 had never been utilized in historical works." Dr. Chapman's volume is more than a guide to the materials indicated. A considerable amount of information may be gleaned from it concerning the part played by the clergy in Spanish conquests on the northern frontier of New Spain, the treatment of Indians by the whites, Spanish efforts at conquest of the Californias in the seventeenth century, Spanish voyages to the north-west coast in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and other events.

Hamilton (Lord Ernest). ELIZABETHAN ULSTER: Hurst & Blackett [1919]. 9 in. 352 pp., 16/ n. 941.55

Lord Ernest Hamilton is known as a pretty good hand at an historical novel, and it is in the mediæval spirit of a romantic chronicler rather than in the modern historical way that he attacks the history of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. There is no index, no summing-up of results, no introduction beyond a chapter of narrative. One brief interchapter gives an account of the tanistry system and the peasantry; for the rest, the reader must form his long views for himself, and be content with a picturesque story of lawless chiefs, unruly clans, ruthless soldiers, and crafty but bewildered statesmen. References to documentary evidences are given in footnotes.

940-9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Bridge (F. Maynard). A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREAT WORLD WAR. H. F. W. Deane & Sons, 1919. 8½ in. 261 pp. front. maps, ind., 6/ n. 940.9

In the notice which appeared on p. 383 of last week's issue the number of pages in the "Short History" was erroneously given as 61, instead of 261.

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